The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r.

Alabama had snow on morning of 12, and the ground was frozen.

The greed of the Republicans in office to remain, under a Democratic administration, is unabated.

The Reporter has no cabinet to make for President Cleveland, we think he will attend to that himself.

No one yet knows who will be in Cleveland's cabinet. Cleveland, no doubt, knows what he is about.

It is not likely that any body from this county will be a member of the cabinet. Yet we have stuff for two.

Nancy Wilmore died in Wilmington, aged 116 years. She was a Presbyterian-Methodist, as she called herself, and died singing and happy.

A rumor comes from Korti that Col. Sir Redvers Buller attacked the Arabs entrenched at Metemneh on Tuesday, 10, and carried their position by assault.

In the house at Harrisburg, a bill was reported favorably, reducing the fees of notaries for making a protest to $1.50. This should pass, the present high fee was fixed when everything else was high.

The cashierof the Belleville, Ohio, bank, disappeared with $75,000 belonging to depositors.

The Hocking Valley strike is announced as being at an end.

Oil has been struck in Chester county, and has caused great excitement there.

From all parts of the country come tidings of Monday's fierce snow-storm and blockaded railroads.

At Trenton there is an ice gorge 40 feet high, and much damage is threatened.

In the senate and house congressional apportionment bills have been agreed upon by committees. Each gives the Republicans 19 and Democrats 9 districts. The senate bill makes Centre, Cameron, Forest, Elk, Clearfield and Clinton the 20th district. In the house bill Centre Clearfield, Clinton and Elk form the 20th district.

In Philadelphia, the other day, Wm. Oliver and Bessie Roberts, two young people accused of stealing jewelry, having been convicted, expressed a desire to marry. They joined hands and were married. The judge then sentenced them to two months each in the House of Correction. We suppose that is what one would call business on the first floor.

The citizens generally do not favor the new court-house project. The present one is not at all a mean one whether in its exterior or interior. If a court-house were needed we would not raise an objection to a new one, out of simple prejudice or the more disgusting close-fistedness of some when a needed improvement is to be made.

The court-house only recently had a new roof put on, and the offices remodeled. It is too good to tear down just now and plenty good enough for trying dirty cases for the next few years.

A new Republican slate for this state is reported from Washington which would shelve Gen. Beaver. It is reported that the Republican managers have fixed up a new deal whereby Quay is to be made State Treasurer next year and Hartranft Governor the year following. The reason assigned for putting Quay into the Treasury is that he is poor and there he would have an opportunity to make some money off the state deposits. Beaver is to be dumped because of his falling in with the Independents to make himself Senator instead of Cameron. It is said that Megee has consented to this arrangement and Quay has gone off to Florida with the assurance that everything is right.

Inaugural accommodations are being provided at Washington. Col. Wright, chairman of the sub committee on public comfort of the inauguration committee, in a report to the committee states that there have been registered with the committee 1,492 rooms and accommodations for 13,034 persons, 52 halls with room for 832 persons and 11 hotels with accommodations for 1,440; also 15 vacant houses which can be furnished with cots and accommodations for 3,500 persons; also that 10 dining rooms which can furnish meals at 50 and 75 cents each to 13,300 persons have been registered. He states further that up to date quarters have been secured through the committee for 11,612 persons, including military companies, clubs and other private parties, that the average registration of rooms daily is about one hundred, and that the best quarters have not yet been taken up.

REDUCED RATES TO THE INAUGURATION VIA THE PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

The inauguration of President elect Cleveland on the 4th of March next promises to be a note worthy event in the history of Washington. The citizens of the capital are working energetically and systematically to make the occasion a great success. In anticipation of an enormous throng of people, every effort is being put forth to provide accommodations for all who may come. Beside the regular hotels and boarding-houses, with which the city is well equipped, numbers of private families have agreed to entertain visitors, and sleeping quarters are being improvised in halls and such other buildings as are suitable. There will doubtless be ample accommodations for all, but those who desire to secure their lodgings in advance can do so by applying to Colonel L. P. Wright, Chairman of Committee on Public Comfort. Preparations for all the ceremonies are in the hands of competent committees, and every measure calculated to promote the comfort and pleasure of visitors will cheerfully be looked after.

For the benefit of the thousands of people who will be drawn from points along its lines, the Penn'a Railroad will sell excursion tickets to Washington from all stations on its system at greatly reduced rates. Its facilities for transporting passengers will be increased by the addition of special trains, which, with those regularly in service, will prove sufficient for all the demands of travel. The Baltimore and Potomac station, Washington, into which all trains of the Pennsylvania system run, is situated on Pennsylvania Avenue, in full view, and within a two minutes walk of the Capitol, on the line of march of the inaugural procession, and is easy of access to all the principal hotels and public buildings, and to any portion of the city by horse cars, bus, or carriage. The station is large, the facilities for handling incoming and outgoing trains and their contents are ample. Application should be made to local ticket agents of the Pennsylvania Railroad and its branches for full and detailed information as to tickets and rates.

FOUR MURDERERS EXPIATE THEIR CRIMES ON THE GALLOWS.

Dr. L. U. Beach, at Holidaysburg; Treuke, at Philadelphia, and Parker and Johnson, at Little Rock.

Holidaysburg, Pa., Feb. 12.—Dr. L. U. Beach paid the penalty of his atrocious crime at 1:30 p. m. to-day. About 300 spectators were present and although the weather was extremely cold, all waited with an expectation inexplicable. The condemned man went to bed last night at twelve o'clock and slept soundly during the entire night. His spiritual advisers Messrs. Killinger and Fiery were with him during the entire morning. The prisoner ate a hearty dinner to-day and said: "I hope there will be no delay in the arrangements" The time for the execution was set at 1:30 on account of an express wish of the culprit that he could take dinner before the affair took place. The prisoner walked to the scaffold with stolid indifference, and except a slight twitch of the hands nothing was noticeable about the man to excite comment while a statement was being read written by the condemned man, wherein he declares the whole transaction to be a dream. He stood viewing the crowd as unconcerned as you please. Even when his limbs were tied and the black cap put over his face he still kept his nerve and died without any perceptible struggle. The body hung about 18 minutes, when life was pronounced extinct, the neck being broken in the fall. The execution was one of the most successful on record.

Philadelphia, February 12.—Richard Treuke, convicted of murder in the first degree in shooting and killing Augusta Zimms, last October, was hanged in the corridor of the county prison at 10:21 this morning. Treuke rose early this morning, but was too nervous to eat breakfast. He was wildly agitated and moaned piteously as he made repeated references in German to his children in the Fatherland. At 10 o'clock he was taken to the gallows. His step was unsteady and he seemed in mortal terror and was ready to faint on the gallows. He made an effort and speaking almost inaudibly said that dissipation had brought him to his sad end. At 10:21 the drop fell just as Treuke exclaimed, "Gott habe erbarmen mitt miner sele." His neck was dislocated and in six minutes he was pronounced dead.

Little Rock, Ark,, Febr'y 12.—Elijah Parker, who murdered Lewis Fox in December, and one Rust Johnson, who murdered John C. Wall in August were hanged here to-day. Johnson declared he was innocent.

CURTIN COMMANDER DYER'S SUCCESSOR.

Harrisburg, Feb. 10.—At the afternoon session of the G. A. R. the report of Post Commander Dyer was made showing there are 562 Posts in the State, with a membership of 35,000. About $60,000 was spent in charity and there were 332 deaths during the year. Austin Curtin, of Centre county, was elected to Department Commander. In the evenig a grand public camp fire was held, at which a number of prominent gentlemen were present.

In Pickens county, South Carolina, Dick Mulligan, while drunk, hurled a chair at his wife and killed his little daughter who happened to come in at the time. Mulligan was sobered by the tragedy, went to his room and cut h's throat.

ALMSHOUSE IN FLAMES.

Eighteen Insane Inmates Burned to Death. Over Two Hundred Roaming the Streets of the City.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11.—Eighteen raving maniacs were burned to death in the insane department at the Blockley almshouse on the west side of the Schuylkill river to-night in a conflagration which needed nothing to make the most horrible disaster of the kind ever known in the history of the city. The fire originated in the wing of the old building of the insane department of Blockley which fronts toward the Shuylkill river and directly east of the main building of the almshouse. This wing is 115 feet front and 60 feet deep, connected on the south with the main building of the structures of the insane department which runs south 400 feet, a similar wing to the one in which the disaster occurred. In this north building where the fire broke out there were sixty separate cells for violent patients, twenty on each floor. In addition to this there was a large room on each of the three floors in which cots for 12 men were placed, and all of which were occupied when the fire broke out. On the second floor opposite the central cell of the row of separate cells on the north side of the coridor which runs from east to west was a dry room heated by steam. This room, which was about 10 feet square, was directly alongside the middle stairway leading to the floors above and below. Here the flames originated, but from what cause is unknown. At the time there were insane patients in each of the twenty cells on the three floors—ten in the long large room on the first floor and twelve in each of the large rooms on the second and third floors. From all the conflicting accounts to be obtained it appears pretty certain that the first alarm was given by an insane patient on the first floor of the main building. This man, Joseph Nadine, occupied a room which adjoined the stairway and drying room with about twenty other patients. When about ten minutes to eight o'clock he saw smoke issuing from above the door which opened into the wing in which the cells were situated, he ran to the big iron grated door fronting on the main corridor of the building and cried out "fire." This fearful sound reached the ears of Joseph Shroeder, the attendant of the ground floor, who was in his room directly apposite the one from which Nadine had given the alarm. Mrs. Umpstead who has general charge at night says that it was about 8 o'clock when the alarm reached her. She says that an attempt was made to put out the flames with buckets of water and at first it was supposed that the flames were only burning from the ground floor near the stairway, but the point from which the danger came was on the second floor. She then hastened to get all the patients from the building extending back from the east wing.

Attendant Shroeder says: "I do not know who sounded the alarm. As soon as I heard Nadine's cry I rushed to the foot of the stairway and after a short attempt to check the fire at once set to work to get out the patients. First I unlocked Nadine's room. By this time the flames were gathering in a fury and the dense volumes of smoke were ascending into the upper stories. I succeded in unlocking the doors of all the cells on the first floor and although with difficulty some cases in getting the inmates out. I had no time to look after them further than to run them out into the yard for the flames were getting so fierce that it was almost impossible to breathe in the now fiercely burning building. The smoke in the upper stories was so thick that breathing was impossible."

FINE STOCK KILLED ON THE RAILROAD.

Huntingdon, Feb. 15.—Shortly after midnight last night an east bound freight train on the Pennsylvania railroad was thrown from the track by a broken flange, midway between Spruce Creek and Birmingham. Sixteen cars were demolished, twelve of them being filled with fine stock. Two hundred sheep, eighty hogs and several horses were killed.

A STUBBORN BATTLE.

The Fight with the Rebels in which General Earle Lost His Life.

London, Feb. 12.—The *Standard's* correspondent with General Earle's column sends the following dispatch, dated Dulka Island, Tuesday: The British troops advanced to attack the enemy, who held a strong position on the hills. After some fighting the enemy was completely surrounded.

Finding it impossible to dislodge the rebels from the fortified position, Gen. Earle ordered the troops to charge. Gen. Earle was killed while leading the attack. The black watch regiment captured the position at the point of the bayonet, the cavalry taking possession of the enemies' camp. Gen. Brackenbury upon the fall of Gen. Earle assumed command and ordered the remaining positions of the enemy to be stormed.

The troops acted promptly, making a gallant attack and soon captured all the enemies' positions. The fighting lasted 5 hours. There was great slaughter among the enemy. Those who survived escaped by swimming the river.

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Cattle owners from the Indian Territory say that the cold has caused great losses among the stock on the ranges, some putting it as high as 60 per cent.

Winter by the Sea.

ATLANTIC CITY.

[From N. Y. Home Journal, January 28th, 1885.]

Five or six years ago Atlantic City was unknown except as a summer resort. For a few months in summer thousands througed its beach, and disported in its turf, but with the coming of the autumn they vanished, leaving the town to sleep in quiet through the long months of winter. Wise heads, however, saw that there were a mildness of climate, an equability of temperature and recuperative properties in the sea air, which would some day attract as many visitors in winter as in summer. An enterprising hotel proprietor kept his house open for one winter as an experiment. People came, a few at first, but all experienced decided benefit, and the number increased from year to year, until its reputation as a great winter sanitarium is now firmly established. Last season six or eight hotels were filled with winter guests, and this winter others have joined the pioneers, and there will be ample accommodations for thousands of visitors.

Many conditions combine to make the place a great winter health resort. Its favorable location on the southern shores of New Jersey at a point, it is said, nearer than any other section of this coast to the Gulf Stream, secures for it a gentleness of climate unsurpassed on the North Atlantic. Behind the town is a vast waste of sand, which absorbs the atmospheric moisture, and aids largely in drying and purifying the air. There is no body of fresh water within fifty miles; the soft sea breezes, tempered by the ocean's warm currents, bringing to land the health of the sea, while the land winds are robbed of their dampness in their course over the sands. These influences tone down the severity of winter to a degree that is remarkable when the thermometer observations of Atlantic City are compared with those of points of the same latitude further inland. The medical fraternity bear overpowering testimony to the efficacy of the climate in pulmonary and other kindred diseases, and their restored patients are willing witnesses to the same fact.

Apart from these considerations the city itself presents a number of desirable features. It is a well governed, handsomely built, and attractive city of some eight thousand permanent residents. All the accessories of city life are at hand. There are miles of handsome avenues, street railway, stores of every description, churches, and an excellent market, supplied with all the abundance of the land. The hotels, originally built for summer use, have been reconstructed and refitted with the appliances necessary for comfort in the winter. Open fires supplement the heat of stoves and radiators, while they add a charm of cheerfulness to their bright surroundings. The houses are built in full view of the sea, and glass-enclosed porticoes afford both a prospect and a promenade for the invalid too walk to face the eager air.

One's enjoyment of out of door exercise is perfect. The bright, bracing air, charged with the freshness of the sea, is a constant temptation to walks, sails, or drives. For the pedestrean a handsome board walk along the whole ocean front affords a fine field for exercise. A splendid beach drive of ten miles, and a variety of vehicles of all descriptions, offer fine facilities for driving, while the inlet is famous as well for its sailing as for its fishing. There is no need of idleness if one cares to be active.

No epidemic disease has ever prevailed at Atlantic City. The sanitary measures are in the hands of a board of health, the members of which fully appreciate the responsibilities of their position. Pure drinking water is introduced from the interior, and a system of sewerage is now being provided, which promises to prove a most potent factor in preserving the health of the growing town. The topography of the town does not admit of natural drainage, and formerly the refuse and waste were carted off by contract. This plan proved unsatisfactory, and it was determined to employ some more effective methods. The committee studied the question with care, and chose as the best what is known as the "West System." By this method the waste and sewerage are forced through pipes to a central reservoir, and thence pumped out to a point beyond the corporate limits, where, by the aid of machinery the solid substance is converted into phosphates, and the liquid py filtration, is allowed to flow into the bay. This is the most effective method, and one that has been used with great success. The work of laying pipes is being pushed with great vigor by a New York firm, and the early completion of the work is confidently expected.

In the matter of accessibility no resort is more favored than Atlantic City. From Philadelphia it is a ride of 1½ and from New York 4½ hours by the Pennsylvania Railroad. To the residents of the east and north it offers the double inducement of easy access, and a complete change of climate. In a day's journey they may pass from the rigors of the northern winter into the geniality of early spring.

Although the season is not considered opened, the vanguard of the coming army is already at hand, and the hotels are receiving daily accessions to their number of guests. Every indication points to a most successful season.

BURIED UNDER THE SNOW.

The Town of Alta, Utah, Swept Away.—Sixteen Persons Killed.

Salt Lake City, Utah, February 15.—The startling news was brought here last night that the town of Alta was nearly wiped out by an avalanche. It has been snowing for a week and is now 12 feet on a level, with storm still raging. Friday night, soon after 8, a tremendous volume of snow swept down over the Emma Mine works, doing no damage there except taking the smoke-stack along; then it struck the town, crushing about three-fourths of it, but fortunately many of the houses were deserted for the winter.

The place is built at the foot of converging gulches and the slides had a fair mark. Tucker's boarding-house was swept away and his hotel crushed. The Vallejo works, including buildings and tramways, were crushed. Two men at this mine happened to be in the drift and escaped injury. Two stores were injured slightly. A butcher shop and drug store were the only buildings that escaped entirely. A large portion of the victims were in the boarding house and hotel. Twenty-eight in all were buried, but 12 were dug out alive this morning. The rest are undoubtedly dead. Three had been taken out at last accounts, amid much difficulty, the rescuers battling with the heavy storm and low temperature.

Lovett's Guide to Fruit Culture.

Of all the publications of nurserymen there is no other that can be compared with *Lovett's Guide to Fruit Culture.* It is really a valuable work on Horticulture, giving, as it does, full instructions for planting, pruning, culture and management of fruits of all kinds, and impartial descriptions of all worthy varieties. It is a book of over 70 pages, with an illuminated cover, elegantly printed and embellished with hundreds of engravings and several colored plates true to nature. Price, with colored plates, 10 cts.; without plates, 5 cts. Everybody at all interested in fruit culture should send to J. T. Lovett, Little Silver, New Jersey, and get a copy.

THIRTEEN MEN KILLED.

Halifax, Feb. 11.—At 9 o'clock last night an explosion occurred in the old pit of the Vale colliery at Westville, Pictou. Twenty-two men were at the Vale colliery at the time of the explosion. Thirteen perished, the others were taken out alive, some of them badly injured.

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ONE DAY'S CRIMES IN PARIS.

The progress of crime in Paris is still marked deeply in blood, and during one Sunday alone no less than four desperate attempts at murder and one suspected crime were recorded by the metropolitan and suburban police. In the Rue Saint Honore a quarrel broke out between two women named Loyal and Levyonski. The latter getting the worst of the quarrel, called her, "protector" to her assistance. The man was sitting in a wineshop at the time. Rushing out, with a stilleto in his hand, he plunged it three times into the breast of the woman Loyal, who fell bleeding on the pavement. The ruffian immediatly ran off, but his mistress was arrested by the police. The girl Loyal was taken into a chemist shop, where her wounds were temporarily staunched. She was then conveyed to the Hotel Dien. A woman named Martin, employed in a perfumery establishment, carried out a strange plan of revenging herself on a rival. Having procured a quantity of chalk and a loaded cane, she wetted the former, and waited inside the entrance of the court for her unsuspecting victim. As the latter passed by, going to her work, Martin threw the chalk in her face, so as to blind her, and then beat her brutally on the head with the loaded cane. The unfortunate creature fell senseless in the roadway, and was taken up by the passers-by in an alarming condition. The woman Martin was arrested. At St. Denis an engine fitter who owing to his cruelty, had compelled his wife to seek the shelter of her mother's house, went to endeavor to bring tke woman back to her home. The man was half drunk at the time, and, as his mother-in-law tried to pacify him, he took a revolver out of his pocket and fired at her. The bullet, however, missed his mark, but the man, thinking that he had murdered his wife's mother, turned the revolver toward himself, and discharged one of the barrels into his brain, the bullet entering the left eye. He died in the hospital, after several hours of intense torture. Another atrocious deed was that of a fishwife at the Central Market, who beat a little boy of twelve, whom she met on the stairs of her house, and caused him to fall down several flights of steps. The boy was seriously injured. It appears that the youthful victim had informed on the son of his aggressor, who was lately convicted of thieving.

AN M. P. AT A TYPE CASE.

It is related of the second Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, that in the Spring of 1833, shortly after his return to Parliament as a member for Berkshire, he was at the *Times* office one day when an express arrived from Paris, bringing the speech of the King of the French on the opening of the Chambers. The express arrived at 10 A.M., after the day's impression of the paper had been published and the editors and compositors had left the office. It was important that the speech should be published at once, and Mr. Walter immediatly set to work upon it. He first translated the document; then, assisted by one compositor, he took his place at the type case and set it up. To the amazement of the of the staff who dropped in about noon, he "found Mr. Walter, M. P. for Berks, working in his shirt-sleeves." The speech was set and printed, and the second edition was in the city by one o'clock. Had he not "turned to" as he did, the whole expense of the express service would have been lost. And it is probable that there was not another man in the whole establishment who could have performed the double work—intellectual and physical—which he that day executed with his own head and hands.

ADVICE AS TO USE OF POINTS.

Young authors should avoid what may be called quaintness in style of punctuation. For instance, Stern was very fond of the dash—which Cobbett calls a "cover for ignorance as to the use of points"—and used it to a ridiculous extent; and Cobbett was too fond of commas. It should be remembered that the "style" of punctuation is very difficult now to what it was some years ago. Lindley Murray says: A simple sentence when it is a long one, and the nominative case is accompanied with inseperable adjuncts, may admit to a pause immediately before the verb," and gives the following example: "The good taste of the present age, has not allowed us to neglect the cultivation of the English tongue." But not one writer in twenty would now use the comma in this case. The tendency of the age is to use as few commas as possible. We think it was Walter Besant who said that printers dislike colons; and an attentive reader, who has read any early English literature connot but fail to notice that the point is not used nearly so much as it was, The chief aim of the author, however, should be to avoid ambiguity.

BARBARIC PEARLS AND GOLD.

Some French traveller, name unknown, has returned from Stamboul with a wonderful story of the sights he saw. He is eloquent about two thrones, for instance—one of enamelled gold, with encrustations of pearls, rubies, and emeralds; the second, called "Arise," evidently christened when the reigning Sultan was in a mood for paradoxes. In another room he saw two caskets, even more magnificent, studded with rubies and diamonds, in which the hairs from the Prophet's beard are jealously preserved. There are also several curious instruments made of gold and thickly studded with gems on the back, which were used as portable "scratching posts." Another room was hung with armor and sceptres; caskets and escritoires lay on the table. The old escritoires are all shaped like a pistol; the inkstand is placed at the spot occupied by the trigger, and the reeds and a penknife are in the barrel. There are also inkstands in the shape of trays, each containing five saucers, for ink, drying powder, and other odds and ends used by the writers. In another room are the costumes of all the Sultans down to Mahmoud II. Each of the costumes has a silk scarf attached, together with a magnificently-chased dagger and a diamond algrette. Then, heaped pell-mell in a side room, are the keys of the fortresses of the empire, and finally comes the sacred treasure, consisting of the relics of Islam; the mantle and standard of the Prophet, his sword and bow; the swords of the first Khalifs, and the oldest MSS. of the Koran. The gentleman is *not* bringing out a new edition of the "Arabian Nights,"

THE NEED OF SLEEP.

Dr. Malins, in a recent lecture at Birmingham, said that the brain requires twelve hours of sleep at four years, gradually diminishing by hours and halfhours to ten hours at fourteen, and thence to eight hours when the body is full grown and formed. Goethe, in his most active and productive period, needed nine hours, and took them. Kant—the most laborious of students—was strict in never taking less than seven. Nor does it appear that those who have systematically tried to cheat nature of this chief right have been in any sense gainers of time for their work. It may be a paradox, but is not the less a truth, that what is given to sleep is gained to labor.

A woman who thinks for herself is weak, but a woman who thinks for another is decidedly strong.

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A CANADIAN FOLK-SONG.

The doors are shut, the windows fast;
Outside the gust is driving past,
Outside the shivering ivy clings,
While on the hob the kettle sings,
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The streams are hushed up where they flowed,
The ponds are frozen along the road;
The cattle are housed in shed and byre,
While singeth the kettle on the fire.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The fisherman on the bay in his boat,
Shivers and buttons up his coat;
The traveller stops at the tavern door,
And the kettle answers the chimney's roar.
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

The firelight dances upon the wall,
Footsteps are heard in the outer hall;
A kiss and a welcome that fill the room,
And the kettle sings in the glimmer and gloom,
Margery, Margery, make the tea,
Singeth the kettle merrily.

ELEANOR'S REVENGE.

The pretty village of Camden was less crowded than usual, this summer; but why, no one could tell.

The cosy little hotel was as neat and inviting as formerly, while the brook was actually sighing at the non-appearance of the anglers, who annually relieved it of some of the golden-backed fish with which its waters swarmed.

Nevertheless, the few guests at the hotel managed to pass their time quite pleasantly and none more so than pale, delicate Eleanor Thorn. Left an orphan at an early age, the loss of parent's care and affection had been well supplied by the unselfish love of her aunt, stately Mrs. Chase. My heroine at the time was by no means pretty. Tall, slendor, an almost pallid complexion—the result of illness—short hair, of a decided reddish cast. But her eyes, no one could deny, were truly beautiful. They were of a deep violet hue, fringed with long jetty lashes. In manners she was quiet and shrinking, but withal possessing an amount of pride and self-possession unexpected in one so young. To this quiet country place her aunt had brought her in the hope of re-establishing her health, and so far had met with most gratifying results.

One afternoon about the middle of August, there stepped from the train at the Camden station two gentlemen, Dr. George Merton and his friend, Edward Dalton, or, as he was more familiarly termed by his friend, Ned.

Young Merton was the son of a London physician. He was tall and slight, with raven curls, eyes black as midnight, with a cold look in them, which at times could change to one of almost womanly tenderness, full lips almost concealed by a heavy moustache. His companion was in looks much his inferior, but in truth and nobleness far above him.

"Not to this life-forsaken place, I hope," said the doctor.

"Yes," replied Ned; "if you want fishing this is the place."

"About all there is to recommend it, I should judge."

"Well, what do you expect in a small country place?"

"I am too entirely done up to contest the question with you, old fellow; we'll postpone the argument until some other time."

"Very well," replied young Dalton. "Wait till you have been here for a few days, you'll think differently."

"Oh!" drawled the doctor; "wonder if there are any pretty girls to get up a flirtation with?"

"Of course your first thought is for the women.

"It may be all very fine pastime for you, but, by Jove! I wouldn't like to answer for all the broken hearts laid to your charge."

Having by this time arrived at the hotel, they immediate sought their rooms, nor again appeared till evening.

"Mrs. Chase, this is indeed a great pleasure. Allow me to present my friend, Dr. Merton."

This meeting took place in the dining room. Eleanor, entering at this moment, was duly presented to the two young men, her pale face turning crimson as she met the quizzical gaze of the fastidious doctor. The evening passed most pleasantly. Young Merton was all affability and very attentive to the unsophisticated Eleanor.

At an early hour they parted, Eleanor, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, going directly to her mirror, into which she gazed long and earnestly.

"I am not so homely to-night," said the fascinated girl; "at least, Dr. Merton told me twice that I was not."

So, resting her cheek upon her hand, she fell into a deep reverie, of which heartless George Merton was the theme.

"Who is that little red-headed fright?" laughed young Merton, as he lazily puffed his Havana.

"Seems to me that you were very attentive to the little fright."

"Well, by Jove! she is green; took every word in downright earnest; splendid prospects for a summer flirtation. Now don't look so savage, Ned; she'll get over it sometime. Must go to bed and dream of my new love. Good-night, old boy. Pleasant dreams.

On the following day the attentions and compliments were renewed. Days deepened into weeks, finding poor Eleanor deeply in love with Dr. Merton, and he, on his part, having giving her every cause to think the feeling was returned.

On the evening previous to their return to London, Eleanor and George strolled off for a walk, as usual.

"I leave for London to-morrow, Eleanor."

"Yes, so Mr. Dalton said," was the almost inaudible reply.

"Shall you miss me, darling, or regret my absence?"

And the dark eyes were bent on hers. The burning blush which suffused her cheeks was answer sufficient.

"I shall miss your loving looks when far away, my Eleanor, he said.

And placing his arm around the trembling, happy girl, he imprinted a loving kiss upon her lips. There was no proposal, no hint that in the future he should proudly claim her for his bride. But her faith in him needed no such declaration.

Returning to the hotel, the four chatted pleasantly for a short time, and then separated to their rooms. Half an hour later, all were wrapped in slumber, and when Eleanor awoke in the morning, her lover had gone.

For days and weeks she watched for the promised letter, which never came, till, late in the autumn, they too returned to the city. Still Eleanor received no word nor call from her quondam lover, and the poor girl felt that death alone would bring balm to her broken heart.

Five years later, and in the elegant drawing room of Mrs. Chase's residence were gathered wealth and beauty. Brilliantly the light fell on noble and handsome men, on "women all beauty and bloom." But queen of them all stood the beautiful woman in whose honor the ball was given.

Could it be possible that five years had wrought that marvelous change in the once plain Eleanor? The pallor of her face had given place to a skin of marble whiteness, relieved by a delicate pink on the cheeks. Her hair, once red, was of a deep golden brown. Her crowning beauty, her eyes, alone remained unchanged.

Among the last guests announced were Dr. Merton and Edward Dalton, both still bachelors.

At the mention of Merton's name, Mrs. Chase gave a quick, apprehensive glance at her niece. But the calm answering smile assured her that the foolish passion of her girlhood troubled her no more.

As the doctor approached, he looked in astonishment at the queenly girl.

"Not that beautiful creature, Ned? It cannot be possible."

"Quite true, I assure you; somewhat changed from the little girl you flirted so desperately with five years ago."

They were duly presented, and stepped aside to make room for others.

Gaily the time passed, and the evening was almost over ere the doctor found an opportunity, of again approaching Eleanor.

"I hear you have been abroad for some time, Miss Thorn."

"Yes. You remember the summer we met at Camden, doctor?"

"Yes," he faltered.

"Aunt and I sailed for Italy that autumn and remained there five years."

"Then I flatter myself that you have not forgotten that summer five years ago?" inquired the doctor.

"Oh, no! It is indelibly engraven upon my memory."

But astute as was the man at her side, he could not interpret the strange look that accompanied the words.

"May I, then, claim the privilege of an old friend, and call on you?" he asked, fixing a tender gaze upon her.

"Certainly, doctor; let there be no formality between us."

Eleanor was now claimed for a promised dance, and the doctor saw no more of her that evening.

Eleanor's invitation was eagerly accepted and the following evening found Merton seated in Mrs. Chase's drawing-room, with Eleanor by his side.

Before leaving the house he had obtained her consent to drive with him the following day. Then came balls, parties, operas, in quick succession.

Never was season so gay, and gayest of all was queenly Eleanor Thorn, chaperoned by her indulgent aunt, and invariably accompanied by Dr. Merton.

One evening he called, and was surprised on being told that Miss Thorn was engaged and could not see him.

The following evening he received a similar rebuff.

As he descended the steps of her house, he encountered his friend, Ned.

"Cut out at last?" said Ned.

"What do you mean?" he fiercely demanded.

"Why, haven't you heard that Miss Thorn is soon to be married to a foreign gentleman of high birth? He has just arrived from Italy."

"I do not believe it! It is false!"

But the pallid lips and cheeks told that it was not received as an idle tale.

"Come with me, if you want proof," said his friend.

A few moments later, they entered the theatre. Seated in one of the lower boxes was Eleanor, radiant, and sparkling with jewels. By her side, with eyes fixed lovingly upon her, was a tall, handsome gentleman.

Turning her head, she encountered the burning gaze of George Merton.

With a scornful smile upon her lips, she turned to the gentleman beside her, and whispered something to him. He followed the direction of her eyes, and encountered those of his rival.

Almost maddened by the sight, Merton rushed from the building, nor paused until he reached his own room.

On the following evening he called at Mrs. Chase's, and asked for Miss Thorn. After a few minutes had elapsed she entered the room, looking, if possible, more than ever beautiful to the eyes of the infatuated young man.

"Eleanor, what means this flirting? Darling, you can never know the agony I have endured the last two days."

He attempted to raise her hand to his lips. Quick as thought she snatched it from his.

"Miss Thorn, what do you mean? Is my love nothing to you? For, my darling, I love worship you. For you I would peril my salvation. Oh, Eleanor, tell me the rumors I hear are false. By the right of my great love I demand an answer."

Pale as a marble statue stood Eleanor.

"Say but that you love me, and on earth I ask no other boon."

Calmly turning upon her suppliant suitor Eleanor said—

"Fortunately for me, doctor, your words are spoken just five years too late. Neither you nor I have forgotten that summer, when, a foolish, trusting child, I based my happiness on the promises and words of love you poured into my ears. I thought I loved you then; to-day proves the falseness of the supposition. Marry you! I loathe, abhor you! I then swore, child as I was, that by every woman's art I would bring you to my feet an humble suppliant. Nature endowed me with beauty; and with that beauty I chained you to my side. For five years I have looked forward to this hour of sweet revenge. Go! I spurn you; and every night of my life I shall thank God for having spared me the degradation of becoming the wife of such a man. One week from to-day I shall marry the gentleman you saw with me last night."

Without one look of pity for the stricken man she swept from the room.

Staggered, half-maddened by her words, George Merton stood gazing upon the door through which she had passed. He hurried from the house with deep curses on his lips and agony in his heart. He could not but feel, however, that his cruel conduct had been fully rewarded by the scorn and contempt of the girl with whose affections he had played so heartlessly. But when, a week after he read the announcement of her marriage, he felt how terribly bitter indeed was Eleanor's Revenge.

A Lord Who Forgot His Trousers.

During his journey north, Lord Salisbury, the Conservative leader in the House of Lords, changed his costume for a full Highland rigout, intending it as a delicate compliment to the land of the kilt. But when he looked at himself in the glass he found that the tailor had cut his petticoats, or whatever they are called, too short. So he made up his mind to put on an evening dress. He changed his upper garments, and then sat down for a few moments to read up his speech. This sent him to sleep. He only woke up with a start to find himself running into the station. Forgetting what had happened, he thrust out his hat and appeared at the window bowing, and this was how he was dressed: He had full Highland costume as far as the waist; above was a short and swallowed-tailed coat, and the entire edifice was crowned with a chimney-pot hat, upon which he had sat down without noticing it. His lordship's horror when he stepped on the platform and felt the keen wind cutting his bare legs changed to absolute agony when his valet appeared scrambling out of the carriage with a pair of trousers in his hands, waving them wildly, and exclaiming: "My lord, my lord, you've forgotten these."

Sleeping on Duty.

An instance is reported from Columbus, Ind., of a railroad engineer falling asleep while at his post, in consequence of working two nights without rest. His locomotive, it seems, ran twelve miles without the usual control. Fortunately, in this case no damage resulted, the engine stopping of itself for want of water. Many accidents, however, have occurred, some of them of a terrible sort, by the propensity of overtaxed engineers to fall sound asleep while on duty.

One particularly lamentable catastrophe arising from this happened a few years ago in connection with an English express. The engineer had brought his train to a halt at night, in consequence of some trivial derangement of the mechanism, and in a half asleep condition started backward at full speed instead of going forward. He slept soundly and was only aroused after his train came into violent collision with another that followed it. Many lives were lost by this piece of remarkable carelessness. The moral of it is that railroad companies are often guilty of keeping men who are physically exhausted in a position of peculiar responsibility as far as life and limb are concerned.

To see the hand of God in the present and to trust it in the future, is the secret of peace

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Affliction, like the ironsmith, shapes as it strikes.

When you introduce a moral lesson let it be brief.

Labor has bitter roots, but sweet fruit as well.

That which thou blamest in another, do it not thyself.

There are epidemics of nobleness as well as of disease.

It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.

Our greatest good, and what we can least spare is hope.

It is not calling your neighbor names that settles a question.

He who gives fair words feeds you with an empty spoon.

Fiction pleases the more in proportion as it resembles truth.

Three things to govern—your temper, tongue and conduct.

Three things to admire—intellect, dignity and gracefulness.

Three things to wish for—health, friends and a contented spirit.

Whatever may be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune.

By reading you enrich the mind, by conversation you polish it.

Honor demanded is worthless, as insult underserved is hurtless.

Three things to avoid — idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting.

To know and not have the ability to perform is doubly unfortunate.

Faith and hope themselves shall die, while deathless charity remains.

Recollection is the only paradise from which we cannot be turned out.

Great passions necessarily expose their possessor to great sacrifices.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions, and lost by one.

Did universal charity prevail, earth would be a heaven, and hell a fable.

Patience in low times is an excellent teacher, and hope bears up the soul.

Three things to cultivate — good books, good friends and good humor.

A talent may be perfected in solitude; a character only in the world.

Industry has annexed thereto the fairest fruits and the richest rewards.

We find self-made men often, but self-unmade ones a good deal oftener.

No woman is educated who is not equal to the successful management of a family.

Wealth legitimately acquired is valuable, and it is only valuable when thus acquired.

The key of fate is in our own hands; we often unlock it and then throw the key away.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action for all eternity.

A rash man is liable to break out any moment, no matter how he may feel about it.

It is said that every other demon attacks in the front, but slender assaults from behind.

One true friend adds more to our happiness than a thousand enemies to our unhappiness.

I know no such things as genius said Hogarth, genius is nothing but labor and diligence.

Emotion is the bud, not the flower; and never is it of value until it expands into a flower.

We attract hearts by the qualities we display; we retain them by the qualities we possess.

Laws are like cobwebs, which may catch small flies, but let wasps and hornets break through.

Nothing more quickly consumes the vigor of life than the violence of the emotions of the mind.

While a word is yet unspoken you are master of it. When it is once spoken it is master of you.

The ignorant man hath no greater foe than his own ignorance, for it destroyeth where it liveth.

Pride is a vice, which pride itself inclines every man to find in others, and to overlook in himself.

He that will make a good use of any part of his life must allow a large portion of it to recreation.

To develop in each individual all the perfection of which he is susceptible, is the object of education.

The reason why men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

Make people happy, and there will not be half the quarreling or a tenth part of the wickedness there is.

One dies twice; to cease to live is nothing, but to cease to love and be loved is an insupportable death.

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents, which, in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.

Humility, sweet as it may be as a trait of character, may degenerate into vice, if not upheld by self-respect.

Taste, if it means anything but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and nobleness.

A benevolent disposition is no doubt a great help toward a course of uniform practical benevolence, but let no one trust to it, when there are other strong propensities and no firm good principle.

Intercession is the very safety valve of love. When we feel that we can really do nothing at all in return for some remarkable kindness and affection, how exceedingly glad we are that we may and can pray.

The detractor may, and often does, pull down others, but he never, as he seems to suppose, elevates himself to their position. The most he can do is maliciously to tear from them the blessings which he cannot enjoy himself.

The manner of saying or doing anything goes a great way in the value of the thing itself. It was well said of him that called a good office that which was done harshly, and with an ill will, a stony piece of bread. "It is necessary for him that is hungry to receive it, but it almost chokes a man in going down."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Senator Gorman, of Maryland, called upon President-elect Cleveland on the 1st and "gave him a detailed account of the arrangements made for the inaugural ceremonies at Washington on March 4th." Mr Gorman left Albany in the evening for New York.

—O'Donovan Rossa, the Irish Agitator, was shot on the 2d at a street corner in New York, by a woman who gave her name as Yseult Dudley' She fired five shots at him from a revolver, one of which took effect, but the wound which is near the shoulder, is not considered dangerous, there being no indication that the bullet touched either the lung or the spine. Rossa was taken to the hospital, and the woman was lodged in a cell at the Oak street police station. She is 25 years of age, married, handsome in appearance, and is said to have a slight English accent. She was remarkably cool and self-possessed when questioned at the police station, but made no answer to the question why she shot Rossa. The cot on which Rossa was placed in the hospital ward is near that of Phelan who was shot in Rossa's office about three weeks ago.

—The public debt statement for January shows a decrease of $9,420,046.

—William Beitler, James Daly, Joseph Lamb and Charles Henry arrested on suspicion of having caused the explosion in Garry Brothers' store in New York, had a hearing on the 2d. There was no evidence against them, and several witnesses testified to their good character, and they were discharged.

—The steel works of the Edgar Thomson Company, at Braddocks, Penna., will resume operations this week in all departments. This will give employment to 3,000 men who have been idle since the early part of December.

—Andrew S. Draper was on the 2d confirmed by the U. S. Senate to be a Judge of the Court of Alabama Claims, The President on the 2d nominated Isaac S. Alden to be Postmaster at Warren, Penna.

—Two freight trains on the Erie Railway collided near Kent, Ohio, on the 1st. Both engines were demolished, a number of cars were telescoped and buried, and a number of cattle were killed. Disobedience of orders caused the collision.

—A reporter of the Chicago *Tribune* says there are 1,000,000 head of cattle on the Cherokee strip of land in the Indian Territory. More than 300,000 have already perished from the cold, and another week of inclement weather will, it is feared, cause 200,000 more to perish. Near all the Indian Territory is covered with five inches of snow.

—General John W. Phelps was found dead in bed at Guilford, New Hampshire, on the 2d. He was 72 years of age, served in the Florida and Mexican wars, and was an officer of the war for the Union. For his services in the latter cause he was brevetted Brigadier General, but resigned before the close of the struggle, in consequence of an unpleasantness resulting from the issuance by him of an emancipation proclamation while he was commandant at Ship Island.

—Nathan S. Dixon, of Westerly, Rhode Island, has been nominated by the Republicans to fill the vacancy in Congress caused by the election of Jonathan Chace as United States Senator. The Democrats have nominated Philip W. Hawkins of Gloucester.

—Ex-Chief Justice Appleton, of Maine, is reported to be dangerously ill of pneumonia at his residence in Bangor.

—Temperatures below zero reported in New England as follows were: Northfield, Vermont, 40 below; Middlesex, Vermont, 40 below; Marchfield. Vermont, 42 below; Moretown, Vermont, 46 below; Hanover, New Hampshire, 34 below; Norwich, New Hampshire, 40 below; Bridgeton, Maine, 45 below.

—The annual meeting of the New Jersey State Board of Agriculture was held on the 3d in Trenton. President Dudley delivered an address. Ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, was to have spoken on "agriculture," but was prevented by illness from attending. Colonel James Duff, of Lancaster, Penna., spoke on the cultivation of tobacco.

—Packer Collier No. 3, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company at Shenandoah, Penna., which suspended on January 1st, has resumed operations. It employs about 500 men and boys. The blast furnaces of the South Chicago Rolling Mills are expected to be blown in this week, giving employment to about 400 men.

—It is reported from the Hocking Valley, Ohio, that "quite a number of old miners are going to work, while in Rend's mines they have refused to work any longer at any price till the question is definitely settled how much is to be paid."

—Mrs. Dudley, who shot O'Donovan Rossa, was taken to the Tombs Police Court on the 3d for examination. She refused to plead, and was remanded to await the result of Rossa's injury. His condition was reported improved on the 3d. The surgeons have decided not to remove the bullet from his body until he is stronger, and they cannot say definitely when this is likely to be.

—An explosion of gas occurred on the 2d in a coal mine at Saranna, in the Indian Territory, by which 3 men were killed and 130 others burned or otherwise injured, 89 of them dangerously.

—Dr. Christopher C. Graham died on the 3d in Louisville, aged 100 years and 3 months. He was an intimate friend of President Lincoln. Francis Joseph Spangler, who fought under Napoleon Russia and at Waterloo, died on the d in Lancaster, Penna., aged 98

—The General Court Martial in session at Washinton met early on the 3d, and the members affixed their signatures to the record and findings in the Swain case.

—John F. Krebs died on the 4th at Hicksville, Long Island, from blood poisoning He was accidentally wounded in the hand a few days ago, and the wound afterwards came in contact with a portion of his clothing which contained some dye stuff.

—A fierce fire is reported in slope No. 2 of the Ebervale Coal Company, near Wilkesbarre, and it is feared the mine will be a total loss. 500 persons are thrown out of work.

—The north dormitory of the Agricultural College at Amherst, Massachusetts, was burned on the 3d. It cost $30,000, and was insured for $20,000. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the explosion of a coal-oil lamp in the incubator.

Pennsylvania Legislature.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 2d, business was confined to the reading of bills on the calendar the first times. There was no debate, and the season was devoid of interest. After the adjournment, Dr, Thomas G. Morton, to whom the use of the chamber had been granted on motion of Mr. Grady, of Philadelphia, was introduced by Mr. Smith, of Philadelphia, and briefly advocated the Senate bill for a divorcement of the Committee on Lunacy of the Board of Charities from the Board, and the creation of the Committee into a Board of Commissioners in Lunacy.

In the Senate, on the 3d, the Wife Beaters' bill and the bill to regulate the practice of veterinary surgery were temporarily laid aside without being read. The bill regulating the amendment of municipal claims in cities of the first class was recommitted. The bill devolving upon County Assessors the duties heretofore performed by the Mercantile Appraisers was read for the first time. An invitation was received from Director General Burke, of the New Orleans Exposition. Laid on the table. Adjourned.

HOUSE.

In the House in the 2d, bills passed reading appropriating $32,000 to supply the deficiency on the General Appropriation bill of 1883 for the payment of Judges in Philadelphia, Berks, Cambria and Clearfield counties. The Governor's veto of the Philadelphia Magistrates bill was read. Mr. McGowan, of Philadelphia, moved to postpone consideration of the bill for the present. After a long debate the hour of adjournment arrived, when the House adjourned in some disorder, without action on the veto

In the House on the 3d, the first business transacted was the final passage of two bills appropriating in the aggregate $36,000 for the payment of Common Pleas Judges of Cambria and Clearfield counties, and the Orphans' Court Judges of Philadelphia, Allegheny and Berks counties. Both bills passed by an unanimous vote. The following bills were favorably reported: Prohibiting the employment in the public schools of teachers under eighteen years of age. Requiring all fees of State Officials to be paid into the State Treasury. To establish a uniform method of book-keeping in the State departments. Requiring all warrants on the State Treasury to be countersigned by the Auditor General. Authorizing the Auditor General to pay newspapers for publishing the Mercantile Appraisers' lists. The House adjourned.

The Governor's veto of the Magistrates' bill was not further considered, as the regular orders of business, which ordinarily have precedence, were not concluded. A motion to take up the veto would have been in order, but the House apparently was indisposed to renew the struggle. The subject will probably come up in order on the 4th.

FORTY-EIGHTH CONGRESS—

SECOND SESSION.

SENATE.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 2d, the Pacific Railroad bill, was discussed until it was displaced by the Inter-State Commerce bill, the consideration of which was resumed. After a long discussion Mr. Sherman moved to go into executive session. In doing so he said he would on the 3d, support Mr. Cullom's proposition that the Senate shall sit continuously until the Inter-State bill shall be completed. After an executive session the Senate adjourned.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 3d, the consideration of the Inter-State Commerce bill was resumed. After a tedious debate and the adoption of several amendments, it was unanimously agreed that immediately after the morning business the measure should be again taken up, and a final vote taken upon the bill and the pending amendments. The Senate then adjourned.

HOUSE

In the House, on the 2d, a number of bills were introduced under the call of States and referred. Mr. Collins moved that the House take a recess until 11 o'clock the 3d. This was done for the purpose of continuing the legislative day of Monday, in order that an opportunity might be had to move the passage of the Bankruptcy bill under a suspension of the rules. Mr. Thompson, of Kentucky, at once moved to adjourn, and the roll was called on the motion, which was lost—yeas 103, nays 157. Dilatory motions by other members followed, and "fillibustering" was kept up until a late hour. At midnight the House was still in session, with no prospects of adjournment.

In the House, on the 3d, Mr. Holman from the Committee on Appropriations, reported back a resolution, which was agreed to, requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to transmit to the House a list of the persons on the rolls of the Department as special agents on 1st November, 1884, and 2d February, 1885. A resolution was adopted providing that for the remainder of the session one hour every morning shall be devoted to the disposal of measures called up by individual members unless ten objections are made thereto. The River and Harbor bill was considered in Committee of the Whole. Pending action the House adjourned.

MY SHIP AT SEA.

Ah, what island, or what highland,
Hides my bonny bark from me?
Shelters it beneath some highland,
Drives it wild far out at sea?

'Twas an eerie day and dreary
When that little boat went out,
But the sailors all were cheery
As they pushed the ropes about.

O, what pleasures and fond treasures
Did the little vessel bear!
More than one heart often measures
Found their stowage safely there.

And no warning came at dawning
That the days would not be bright
As the rosy-hues of morning,
When my ship sailed out of sight.

Walking, sleeping, praying, weeping,
Be it sun or be it rain,
Still the hopeful watch I'm keeping
For my ship to come again.

When the drifted fog is lifted,
And the stars shine in the sky,
My strained eyes may then be gifted
With the sight of vessels nigh.

Then my stricken pulse will quicken
As I watch the feathery foam;
And fond, loving memories thicken,
As my ship comes riding home.

DOLORES.

It was getting dusk, and I could hear the church clock striking across the water, six o'clock. There were still faint streaks of red and bars of light in the western sky, and the new moon hung like a sickle overhead. I was country born, young and strong, and I knew no fear, though the road was lonely and there had been much talk in the village of gypsies and tramps, and the passengers in the coach coming from London had been robbed not so many weeks ago. I had been a long way across the country, and Tiger, and I hurried home, now thinking (at least, I thought, and Tiger was the most sympathetic of dogs) that before the clock struck the half hour we should be sitting comfortably by the fireside.

The path ran for some little distance close to the Black Pond; the hills rose steep on either side of it; here and there was a cluster of bushes, here and there a tree hung over the deep water. In the fast fading twilight I could still see the reflections sharp and clear. I was so close to the water that I could watch the little ripples on its surface. The path was muddy in places; I picked my way cautiously from one dry spot to another. Tiger was a few yards in front of me. Suddenly he growled and dashed forward with a bound. "Tiger, Tiger!" I called, and even at the same moment I felt rather than saw that a dark figure was moving in front of me—moving swiftly, noiselessly, away from me under the shadow of the bushes. "Who is there?"

No answer, only Tiger turned suddenly and slunk back to my side. There were stories enough about the pond and its deep waters. Not so many years since a couple of lovers had lost their lives there; it was said that the body of the girl had never been found. Something I had seen, and Tiger had seen it too. Could it be the ghost of that luckless maid? A low moaning sound fell on my ears; horror stricken I turned and fled up the hill as fast as my feet could carry me. But I did not run far. "What is this?" asked my better self. "Phœbe Lyncombe, will you, the daughter of a brave soldier who died for his country, the wife of as true a sailor as ever sailed in the King's fleet—will you turn coward and fly in a panic? Return, and see if you can help any fellow-creature in misery. Return and face the danger, and God be with you."

Some such thoughts ran through my brain. I was always one to act on impulse, and I retraced my steps, walking with a bold front and beating heart straight in the direction of the shadow. I could see it now again, a tall figure—a woman's figure—in a long cloak. Once it stopped and hid itself beneath a tree—I must have passed by had not Tiger growled and shown his teeth.

"Who are you?" I called in desperation—"tell me. Are you ill? Can I help you?"

Then in the silence of the evening it crept out of the darkness and glided quickly toward the edge, the very edge, of the pond.

"Take care!" I shouted, "the water is deep."

For all answer it flung off the cloak, threw up its arms and plunged into the Black Pond with a shriek. Once glance I had of a white face, the face of a beautiful woman, her black hair streaming round her; and then I rushed to the water's edge, beside myself with horror. I was more than a mile from the village. I could get no help—it was vain to scream. By good luck the dog was with me. "Seize her, Tiger! seize her!" and as I raised my hand he sprang after the woman. A tree spread its branches far over the pond at this point. I crawled along a bough as far as it would bear me, and so hanging over the water managed to gain a firm hold of her dress. By Heaven's mercy the pond was not very deep at this spot; I do not think she was ever out of her depth, and she had not lost consciousness. How we did it I cannot exactly tell you, but between us—Tiger and me—we got her out, shivering, but alive, on to the bank—moaning and wringing her hands, but alive, and, as far as I could see, unhurt. There was no time to question her. I must get home—home to the warm fire-side, and take her with me. "Come," I said, holding her hand tight in mine, "come." She lifted her eyes and looked at me—they were wild with terror; her lips moved, but she spoke in a strange tongue that I could not understand.

I took up the cloak that lay on the ground and wrapped it round her, taking care that her face was turned away from the pond. I went my way very slowly, half dragging her, up the hill, and ever and anon she stopped to gasp for breath and to sob and moan. Half past six struck, and seven struck before we reached the garden gate, with Tiger sniffing at our heels. Miriam, the housekeeper was there watching for me. She is a discreet woman; I knew I could trust her. "There has been an accident; help me take the lady in," I said.

Miriam asked no more; she put her arm around the lady and carried her fainting to her own room. We got her wet clothes off: Miriam lighted the fire and made a hot posset, (from my grandmother's receipt,) and little by little the stranger came to herself and opened her eyes again with the wild stare that I had seen before. How thankful I was to be so far from the terrible pond!

"Senora," she said, trying to sit up, "I will intrude no more; I will depart."

I answered her that she was too weak to think of departing, that she was a welcome guest, that she must sleep now, and to-morrow we would converse further.

"As you will, Senora," she replied: "I owe all to you. I kiss your hand." And so her head fell back on the pillow and she could speak no more for very weariness. A few moments later and she was fast asleep, with her dark hair spread around her, her dark eyelashes resting upon her cheek. Her hands were clasped together as if she were praying. I noticed that they were white and beautifully formed. On one of them she wore a broad gold ring. How did she come to be wandering alone by the Black Pond? Who was she? Whence did she come? I was thankful very thankful—ah! very thankful—that I had been there to help her at that awful moment. The tears sprang to my eyes as I stooped and kissed her. Miriam is my own dear nurse, who was with my own dear mother as a girl, and lived with me during my husband's absence. He had sailed many, many months ago (I write of the year 182–) for a long cruise. She persuaded me to change my wet pelisse, she combed and brushed my hair, and reassured me about the strange lady. Not till then did I know how very tired I was.

My visitor passed a restless night; for days she lay in a fever, shivering and talking fast. Now and then she burst out in broken English, asking for a certain Captain Charles Walters over and over again. He had lodgings at Plymouth, it would seem, and she could not find the house. Miriam is as clever a nurse as she is a good housekeeper, and she nursed the lady with the greatest care. By degrees our patient recovered without the help of the doctor, who lived a good ten-miles ride across the country, and of whose skill Miriam had no high opinion. But she had many simple remedies of her own, and these she used, and she made dainty dishes and cooling draughts, and at last there came a day when the lady sat by the fireside, with a faint touch of color on her cheek, and then she told us her story. I will make it short, but I cannot make it less sad. Her name was Dolores de Riano; she was a Spaniard born, (as I had guessed,) an orphan, and she had been wooed and won by an English officer, whose ship lay at anchor in the port of Barcelonia, hard by the house she lived with an uncle. (I, too, took an interest in Barcelona, as my husband had described the place to me in his letters.) This officer had married Dolores secretly; his ship had sailed, and he had left her with her wedding ring, which she dared not to show, and his address written on a slip of paper—"Lieutenant Walters, 18 Melrose-terrace, Plymouth." And there she was to join him as soon as he sent for her. For a whole year she had no tidings from him; then she took her passage to Plymouth in a merchant ship. They had a miserable passage, being delayed on the voyage by adverse winds. She had finally landed at Plymouth with a few golden pieces in her purse, friendless and alone. She had asked in vain for Melrose-terrace; no one knew of such a street, or indeed, of the existence of her husband, Lieutenant Charles Walters. After a few weeks her purse was nearly empty. She knew not where to turn for help. At last she thought to find her husband in London, and as she could not pay her coach fare she resolved to walk all those many miles. Then as she passed the Black Pond that evening, faint and suffering, she could no longer endure the misery of suspense, and she had rushed into the water filled with a frantic longing to be at rest.

Having told her story with many tears, she called upon the holy saints to bless me for my goodness, (I repeat what she said.) But my heart was full of anger toward the man who had so ill-treated her—this Charles Walters as he styled himself—for neither Miriam nor I believed that he had given her his right name. I did not tell her this, of course, but I could not keep back what I felt in talking to Miriam. My face grew hot, and I clenched my hand as I cried, "He is a heartless traitor!"

"There may be a misunderstanding, Madam; the lady trusts him still."

"I do not believe it," I said; "he has deceived her cruelly." You see I was young and spoke out what I felt.

Miriam put her fingers to her lips, but it was too late. Dolores from her couch in the next room, had heard me and called me to her side.

"Nevertheless, Senora, he is still my love and my husband. Think, Madam, if your husband should—"

"My husband!" I exclaimed. "It could not be. But if it were possible that he could deceive me, I would never speak to him again, or desire to be reconciled."

She sighed, and took my hand in hers, and pressed it. How pretty she was in a gray gown of mine, adorned with a bunch of rose-colored ribbons Day by day she grew more lovely, and day by day I discovered fresh virtues in her.

I had not any one to consult at home, so I went to our old clergyman and asked him to write letters on Dolores's behalf making inquiries concerning her husband. This he did, and after some weeks the answers came, all with the same result. No one had heard of Lieutenant Walters, and there was no such name on the list of officers in his Majesty's navy. By degrees we left off expecting to get any good news, only I cherished a secret hope that when Ambrose my husband, came home—in a couple of months—he would throw some light on the subject. Dolores staid on with me, and I learned to love her dearly. The neighbors were all pleased with her society, and no one knew besides Miriam that I had found her on that Autumn evening by the Black Pond. After that there came bitter days for me, Phœbe Lyncombe. It was Easter, and the good ship Thunderboldt was long due at Plymouth, and there was no news of her. I had thought to have my husband with me before the primroses were out, and now the hedges were yellow with blossoms and he never came. My uncle, an old admiral who resided at Plymouth, had long promised to send me a mounted messenger as soon as he should have tidings of the Thunderbolt, and day after day I stood at the garden gate and looked down the road in vain. In my trouble, Dolores seemed to forget her own; she cheered me, bore with my fits of despair, and was in all ways like a loving sister during that dark season. One afternoon she had gone to the parsonage with a message, and I sat trying to sew by the parlor window. The ivy was beginning to put forth its young shoots, a delicious perfume of violets was wafted in from the garden. The room was trim and orderly, a bowl of yellow cowslips stood on a table by the side of my inlaid work box—it was one of Ambrose's many presents. I saw myself reflected in the mirror hanging on the wall opposite, sitting on a high-backed chair over my tambour frame, with my hair gathered high on my head, a handkerchief pinned across my neck, and the puffed sleeve of my white gown ending above my elbow. Behind me was the door; even as I looked it opened quickly. There was a step I knew, the sound of a voice I loved: "Where are you? Phœbe, my wife!" No more sighing over the frame, no more gazing in the mirror, no more watching for the messenger; before I could well jump from my seat he was there, his face was close to my lips— Well, it is Dolores's story that I am telling you, not mine.

Safe, safe home at last, and there had been no mishap beyond contrary winds; he had outridden the messenger on the road. The time passed quickly. As we sat side by side looking out on to the landscape, the hills and dales all green with the sweet freshness of Spring, he took my hand in his and then I noticed that he wore a ring that I had never seen before. "What a magnificent ring, Ambrose!" I said, holding his hand up to the light that I might see it better. It was of foreign workmanship, curiously chased, and in the centre was a flashing stone set in diamonds. To my surprise Ambrose did not answer at once, but looked troubled; at last he said: "I cannot tell you the whole story of the ring now, dearest Phœbe; it belongs to my brother Charlford, he is ill at Plymouth; to-morrow you shall hear all about it."

I knew that Charlford's mad freaks and misbehavior had long been a cause of anxiety to Ambrose, (Charlford was his youngest and best beloved brother,) so I forbore to grieve him with another word on the subject.

"Is that our good Miriam at the door?" asked Ambrose presently. There was certainly a step in the passage; but when I went to seek Miriam I found her in her own room at the further end of the house. Afterward I remembered that some one had passed along the hedge and gone out at the garden gate, but at that time I took no notice of the occurrence. When the supper bell rang I began to wonder where Dolores could be. It was long past her usual hour for returning. At last I sent a maid to the parsonage bidding her hasten home Alas! she had left an hour ago. We searched all through the house, in the garden and the paddock; it grew dark, and I could no longer conceal my distress. Ambrose, too, looked grave. He went with the coachman, and they made inquiries in the village; they even walked as far as the Black Pond, but they found no trace of Dolores.

There was nothing to be done; we could but wait for the morning, when my husband said that he would himself ride to Plymouth and sent out mounted messengers to scour the country; she could not be far off.

Very early the next day a little piece of paper was brought to me. With difficulty I deciphered the words that were written in pencil: "Dear and honored Senora—Do not seek to find me. I shall never return. I have left with my free will. Ever and ever will I pray for you, your devoted and grateful servant. I kiss your hands and your feet. Dolores de Riano Walters."

Ambrose was always a man of few words. He made no comment on the letter. Very shortly he bade me a loving farewell, and set forth on his journey. I spent the day alone, hoping for the return of Dolores. Surely, I said to myself, Ambrose, or one of the men, must find her soon—she could not walk far, and there was no coach to be hired in the village even if she had the means to engage one; and I knew how slender were the contents of her purse. Why had she left me? Was her brain unhinged by trouble? Would she again seek to put an end to her life? Late in the afternoon I wrapped a mantle round me and went out to breathe the air. Perhaps I should meet one of the party and hear the news that I dreaded and yet longed to hear. The gorse hedge at the end of the garden gleamed golden in the sunlight as I passed; the bed by the sun dial was red and blue with flowering hyacinths, the ferns in every ditch and in every stone wall were putting forth their brown and green fronds; The air was full of the sounds of Spring. Tiger was basking in the sunshine by the gate. "Tiger!" I cried struck with a new idea, "find her, good dog. Seek Dolores!" He seemed to understand at once when I fetched a scarf of hers and held it up to him. Without more ado he set off down the lane and took a short cut across a field to a neighboring wood. Every now and then he stopped and licked my hand as I followed close behind him. It was warm and sheltered in the pine wood; the ground was slippery with fir needles. The dog went on steadily toward a pile of faggots that were stacked against a low stone wall. On the other side ran the high road to Plymouth. Here the earth was carpeted with green moss. I stepped noiselessly across the open space, thinking to climb the wall and make my way home by the road. Tiger had pricked up his ears—there was a sound of horses' hoofs; perhaps it was Ambrose. For the moment I forgot that I was seeking Dolores, but as I neared the wood stack I saw her. Her head was turned away from me, and she was leaning over the wall with clasped hands, straining her eyes in the direction of the riders. The clatter of the hoofs drew nearer. "Dolores!" I cried, running forward, "why did you leave me? I have been so unhappy about you. Come home with me now."

She turned, and I saw that her dark eyes were flashing with a strange light; she grasped my arm and pointed down the road. "So alike," she murmured; "child, forgive me! So alike, and I saw my ring on his finger. Look, look! who is it?"

I looked. Ambrose had seen me already: he was waving his hand; by his side rode a man whose face I seemed to know—a man who looked weary and dusty. Younger, yes, handsomer than my husband, but careworn and ill. He wore a slouched hat. I could not well distinguish his features, and yet as he sat there in the sunlight I knew that they were familiar to me.

"Who is it? asked Dolores, more eagerly than before.

"My husband."

"Which is your husband? For the love of Heaven!"

"Ambrose Lyncombe," I answered, fairly bewildered; "the man who is waving his hand—the one nearest to the wall."

"Thank God! thank God!"

Her beautiful face was radiant with joy. Then I saw my husband speak a few low words to his companion, who drew rein and dismounted from his horse. He was very lame; he could hardly walk, but there was no need for him to take many steps. Dolores had swung herself over the low wall and was running to meet him with outstretched hands. "Carlos, my beloved, welcome!" she cried, "*querido marido mio!*"

"Forgive me, Dolores, forgive me," was all he said, and her loving arms were round his neck, her head resting on his shoulder. Then, as he looked down upon her, his face glowing with emotion—then I saw the likeness again, stronger than before, and I knew that Charles Walters was the same man as Charlford Lyncombe, my husband's younger brother.

We feared a return of fever for Dolores, but she recovered speedily from her fatigue, Charlford, indeed, has always been an invalid since; partly in consequence of an accident that he met with abroad. The illness that followed first led him to remember his deserted wife, and make an effort to—however, he is Ambrose's brother, and through all her troubles Dolores still clings to him.

Imitative Coloring in Marine Life.

The adaptation of the innumerable tints to every grade of change in the color of the sea-weed is really marvelous. The younger, lighter green crustaceans are always to be found on the young, verdant fronds of the plant, while the older parts of the weed are inhabited by older brown animals. The older stems are often encrusted with the white shells of bryozoa, and corresponding with these we are sure to find white spots on the brown armor of the crabs. The legs of the animals are frequently of an olive-green ground with brownish spots, deceptively like the slender sea-weed leaves that are just beginning to turn brown. If one will, as I did pull one of the large plants upon the deck, leave it in a cask of sea water, for an hour or two, and then look through it for crabs without disturbing it, he will find it very hard to discover three or four of the animals, although he may be sure there are a quarter of a hundred of them there; and if he gives the mass a lively shake he will find a a curious assemblage of the most varied sorts tumbling off the bush, whose behavior will go far to verify Wagner's view; for, if they are allowed the opportunity, they will all swim back to the sea-weed, and each will seek a part of the plant most like it in color. I tried the experiment forty or fifty times, and never saw a little green crab settle on a dark brown stem. The crustaceans keep to their color, and the brown ones will, with amazing speed, dart through the thick net-work of stems and leaves to the darkest spot they can find, where they quickly escape observation.

Breaking it Gently.

A young scion of our financial aristocracy, who had been on an extended yachting tour in the South seas for several months, and out of reach of all telegraph and epistolary communication, returned the other day. He was met by an old and faithful employe of the house.

"Well, Mike, how goes it?" said the young man

"Bad enough, Master John, for your poor jackdaw is dead."

"Is he, indeed. Poor Jack! He has gone the way of all flesh. How did he die?"

"Well, they don't rightly know, sir, but they think he must have overeat himself."

"The greedy fellow. What did they give him so much for?"

"Well sir, it seems he must have got to the place where the dead horses was lying——"

"Dead horses! What dead horses?"

"The carriage horses. It was a very bad day and a heavy road, and they were kept standing."

"When? What day? What road?"

"The road to the cemetery, sir, and the day of the funeral."

"What funeral?"

"Why, the misstress's, sir."

"Not my mother's!"

"The same, sir, rest her soul. She took the master's death so much to heart that she did not live three days after him."

"The master's! Heavens, Mike; do you tell me I have lost both my parents!"

"The poor ould master took to his bed when he received the bad news, and niver left it, sir, till they put him in his coffin."

"What bad news? What was the intelligence that afflicted the old gentleman so deeply?"

"The run on the bank, sir, which has stopped payment. The credit of the house is gone, and you are not worth a dollar."

Glass.—Glass bearings for journal boxes, glass shingles, glass pulleys, etc., have been tried with favorable results. Vessels have been sheeted with glass instead of copper, with the most satisfactory results. With glass pulleys, especially for cable roads, friction is reduced to a minimum.

The Future Battlefield.

"No footsteps, but some glances backward," was the name of the paper read before the Military Service Institution by Capt. Edward Field of the Fourth Artillery. Capt. Field said that we were at present in the midst of a transition period. The effect of a breech-loader in war was as yet problematical. "How far has it changed the conditions of battle?" he asked. Up to the present time, an idea has been prevalent that the line is nearly obsolete, as also the column, and that the battles of the future will be fought in open order, and will consist of rapid advances, or rather rushes of successive skirmish groups, taking advantage of every opportunity to cover and that the final result will be determined by the ability to supply a steady stream of men and ammunition, that will be needed where the consumption is so rapid.

"Depend upon it," continued Capt. Field, "an attempt long persisted in to fight battles without lines, would soon reduce them to the level of an Indian skirmish, without the life-long training, the intense watchfulness and the ingenious resources which are the heritage of barbarians." Capt. Field asked whether it would not be impossible, for no nation would be long willing to commit its fortunes to such confused and desultory, although gigantic skirmishes, where after the pall of smoke had once settled, no directing skill or foresight could be of avail. "Is it not improbable," he said, "that the deadly nature of the breech-loader may breed a caution which may confine future armies so close to earth works as to suggest that most degenerate period of the Roman Empire, when the legionaries who had hewed their way to the sovereignty of the world, took refuge behind huge shields of wicker work. I believe that it will be impossible to keep men in line on the actual battle-field."

Capt. Field thought that Americans were admirably provided with everything that could bring a regiment on a line of battle in excellent order, and once there—thanks to Creedmoor—they would shoot better than most armies; but had Americans any of those tactics which could prevent disaster? They would stand in good stead in everything they had been taught to do mechanically, and that was about all. Captain Field was alluding to the rank and file. Something ought to be done to introduce systematic studies of the lessons of history. Military history was not neglected, but there was history and history. It was of more importance for Americans to know exactly how Butler failed, and where Bonaparte succeeded. "Why should not all the surviving officers of the war," he asked, "be earnestly requested to contribute information on their experience, which information would be the most practicable of text-books, and from which text-books could be very readily prepared? Why should we not have from such a war a literature?"

Capt. Field said that it would not do to assume that there would be no more Indian wars. Until the national tracts of the Indian were swept away, it was absolutely necessary that men should know how to deal with them in case of an outbreak. Opportunities ought to be given to the youngster from West Point" to study practical guides on the subject as it was a most important point of his profession.

No Bibles.

"Ah!" he said, as the door opened, "but do I address the lady of the house?"

"No, sir," replied the girl, as her face melted a little; "I am the housekeeper."

"Um. She is out then?"

"Yes sir—gone to the skating rink."

"And the gentleman?"

"He's gone off to a raffle?"

"Um. Any daughters?"

"Two of 'em, sir. The eldest, which is Fannie, is across the way learning how to play euchre, and the other, which is Susie, has rigged up as an actress and gone down to have a statuesqe photograph taken."

"Um. No sons?"

"Only one, sir, and this is the hour when he takes his boxing lessons. Did you wish to see any one in particular?"

"Well, I am taking orders for the Cottage Family Bible, as I was in hopes to secure a subscriber. Perhaps you ——!"

"Oh, it's no use talking, sir," she interrupted, as the door began to close. "My beau brought me fifteen dime novels last night, and I go to three dances a week, and I'm just catching on to old sledge, and, really, sir, you'd better hit the family next door. I think we have suspended business in your line of goods.

The Application of Method.

Method is the oil that makes the wheels of the domestic machine run easily. The master and mistress of a house who desire order and the tranquility that comes of order must insist on the application of method to every branch and department of the household work. To be well done a thing must be done at the proper time and in the proper way. There must be a time and a place for everything, and everything must be in its proper time and place. Nothing is more fatal to home comfort than the habit of dawdling, of lingering over a little task in a desultory and indolent spirit, of going from one bit of work to another and finishing neither. Example is better than precept; and if the rulers of the household display a vigorously active spirit, all who serve under them will be animated by it.

Counsul E. L. Layard, writing from Noumea, does not consider a circular rainbow seen from a hilltop an unusual phenomenon. It depends, of course, on the position of the observer as regards the sun and his "coign of vantage," namely, having a space below him. In such a situation he has seen one several times in his life.

Make the boy's home the happiest spot he can find, and he will be sure to prefer it to all other places of resort. Care for the home carpet has driven many a boy to love the sanded floor of the tavern.

Flowers in Perfumery.

"Did you know that the ladies use flowers for perfumery? In France it is very common, and it is getting quite usual in America. They take a bunch of violets and place them in the bosom of the dress. No manufactured perfume can come up to the odor of the flowers you know. Every morning, rain or shine, an old doctor comes in here, gets a bunch of violets, unbuttons his vest, places them next his heart, and walks out. I often wonder if he does it for the perfume. I guess it is a case of sentiment, however

"The florist sees plenty of pretty little romances. Very often a young man has flowers sent to a certain house in this city every morning; then there comes the big order,—the marriage, you know,—and then they dwindle down; he comes less and less often, until finally he ceases altogether. The old tale, you know. Last spring I used to notice a couple go by here, a fine manly young fellow and a girl pretty and dainty with lovely brown hair and dark blue eyes. They didn't know each other, but when the young man went to business the girl was sure to be somewhere around where she could see him. She lived right round the corner, and she used to come in here and pretend to be examining the flowers as he passed. Then she would look up and watch him as he went down the street. One day as she went by she looked and said to me: "O, what a funny hat,' and then carelessly, as she began picking among the flowers, 'I wonder who he is?' I came very near laughing, for the previous day the young fellow had been to ask who she was, and had sent her some flowers. About a week afterward she came in with a friend, and I heard her telling the friend how somebody had been sending her flowers every morning, and she did wonder who it was. Well, the best part of it all came aferward. One morning he came in as usual, and the gardener took him back into the conservatory. While he was there the girl entered and stood near the counter looking toward the window. Presently he returned, and as he started for the door briskly, he said: "Well, send those flowers, as usual, up to 24—— street." Neither knew the other was near, and, hearing the number of the house mentioned, she turned around, and they met face to face. Well, I never saw such an embarrassd couple in all my days. She had a big Jacqueminot near her face, and it would have been hard to tell which was redder, the rose or her cheek. She turned to the flowers and he passed out. They didn't come any more, but not long ago I saw them pass together. They both looked in, and when they saw me he laughed and she blushed.

Shop Girls.

Not many years ago a committee of ladies in New York undertook to inquire into the justice of the complaint made by shop girls that they were not provided with seats. The committee to the astonishment of humane and intelligent people, announced as the result of their investigation the opinion that the shop girls did not need to sit down and ought not to be provided with seats. In the face of this opinion, set forth by persons supposed to be acquainted with the needs of their sex, it has been impracticable to accomplish much in behalf of the shop girls, and in by far the greater number of shops they are compelled to stand during the whole day.

It is not, therefore, surprising to learn that as a class they are peculiarly liable to illness. Most of them are without money, except the pittance earned by them, without friends, and with no home except the boarding house. An effort is now making by charitable women to provide hospital accommodations for these girls where they can receive care and medical attendance when too ill to work. This is certainly a most deserving charity, but it is hardly necessary to point out that if the girls were relieved from the necesity of keeping on their feet for ten to twelve consecutive hours daily there would be less need of a hospital. By all means let us have the hospital, but let us also insist that shop girls shall be provided with seats, whatever may be the opinion of a committee of ladies who have never personally tried the experiment of spending the greater part of their lives on their feet.

A Latinist.

The statement made by Rev. Dr. Todd, of New Haven, that he does not "believe there's a Professor in Yale College to-day who can translate at sight, and without recourse to well-thumbed lexicons, a page of Greek or Latin with which he has had no previous acquaintance," reminds the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* of the consternation of a recent graduate upon looking at his diploma. He at once recognized the fact that the first thing his father would do, upon seeing the certificate of graduation, would be to ask him to prove the benefits of his college training by translating it. As the old gentleman was himself a college graduate, he knew he could not hope to deceive him with a bogus translation. The son, therefore, hastened to a private tutor and had the necessary translation written down, which he committed to memory and subsequently repeated to his father with the necessary stutterings and mutterings to make the work of translations appear genuine. The father from that day has been a confirmed champion of the system of teaching Greek and Latin in our American colleges.

Brass and Glass.—For cementing brass on glass there is recommended a resin soap made by boiling one part of caustic soda, three parts of colophonium (resin) and five parts of water and, finally, kneading the whole in about half the quantity of plaster of Paris. It is well suited for fastening brass tops on brass lamps.

People may make injuries worse by unreasonable conduct, by giving way to anger and satisfying that for the moment, instead of thinking what wo be the effect in the future.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ, . . . Editor.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 18, 1885.

THE MAHDI'S FEROCITY.

The Fearful Atrocities Committed at the Capture of Khartoum.

London, Feb. 10.—The Mahdi caused the massacre of all of Gordon's men together with their wives and children. General Gordon was killed on the morning of Jan. 27. The garrison at Gubat is exasperated over the news of the massasacre. The scenes of the slaughter are described as surpassing the Bulgarian atrocities and rivaling the worst horrors of the Sepoy mutiny. The panic stricken Egyptians were captured in their flight and put to death with the most fiendish tortures. Some were transfixed with spears and left to bleed to death. Most of the victims were mutilated in a most horrible manner. The eyes were gouged out, noses were slit and tongues were torn out by the roots. In many cases the mutilated parts of the victims' bodies were thrust in their mouths while they were still living. The massacre included many non-combatants, and the Egyptian women were subjected to shameful indignities. More than 100 women and young girls were given over to the Mahdi's followers to be used as slaves. After the slaughter many Arabs were seen rushing about the streets with the heads of the Egyptians impaled upon their spears. The next night was spent in a satrunalia of blood and debauchery.

HOW GORDON MET HIS DEATH.

London, Feb. 11.—The *Daily News*, which appeared this morning in mourning out of respect for General Gordon, publishes the following from Gakdul: The natives who escaped from Khartoum say General Gordon was killed while in the act of leaving his home to rally the faithful troops. The latter were cut down to a man, and for hours the best part of the town was the scene of merciless slaughter, not even women and children being spared. All the notables were killed, except the treacherous pashas and their followers.

TWO VERY UGLY TWINS.

They go hand in hand, and lead their victim a terrible trot down into the valley of the shadow of death. One is neuralgia, the other rheumatism. These generally proceed from disordered blood. Brown's Iron Bitters knocks out these ugly twins by setting the blood aright and invigorating the system. W. T. Osborne, of Coxville, Ala., used Brown's Iron Bitters for the rheumatism and neuralgia with most happy effect. It also cures dyspepsia.

ALMSHOUSE IN FLAMES.

Eighteen Insane Inmates Burned to Death. Over Two Hundred Roaming the Streets of the City.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11.—Eighteen raving maniacs were burned to death in the insane department at the Blockley almshouse on the west side of the Schuylkill river to-night in a conflagration which needed nothing to make the most horrible disaster of the kind ever known in the history of the city. The fire originated in the wing of the old building of the insane department of Blockley which fronts toward the Shuylkill river and directly east of the main building of the almshouse. This wing is 115 feet front and 60 feet deep, connected on the south with the main building of the structures of the insane department which runs south 400 feet, a similar wing to the one in which the disaster occurred. In this north building where the fire broke out there were sixty separate cells for vio-

THE MORT REMARKABLE CASE OF ALL.

A gentleman writes us from Philipsburg, Centre county, Pa., that his little girl was horribly afflicted with scrofula. Her body was full of sores, ears discharging continually thick yellow putrid matter, and her eyes so swollen and inflamed as to almost blind her. One bottle of McDonald's Blood Purifier has to all appearances entirely cured her. Our neighbors as well as ourselves consider the cure remarkable.

A bonafide case. The address of the family can be obtained from the editor of this paper. Sold by J. D. Murray.

JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & Co.,
Philadelphia Agents.

BURNED TO DEATH WITH THEIR HOME.

Concord, Ohio, Feb. 11.—A house occupied by the family of Hiram Atkins burned here yesterday, and to-day Atkins and two children were found burned to death. Atkins was an old man and a helpless invalid, and his young wife left with a man, represented as her brother, a few hours after the fire.

NO GRIPING, NO DRASTIC PURGING.

Take two or three of McDonald's Improved Liver Pills for first dose and follow with one pill every night at bedtime. So quietly and surely will they correct a torpid or disordered liver and regulate the bowels, that you will feel like a new person by the time you have used one box. Money returned to dissatisfied buyers. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY, & Co.,
Philadelphia, Agents.

Sold by J. D. Murray.

Auditor Neinberger of Bucks county, refused to sign the report of the Board of Auditors on the ground that the county was not credited with $616, to which it was entitled as its commission of five per cent. for State taxes collected and disbursed within its limits. It appears that this $616 was allowed to the County Treasurer instead of going into the county Treasury. Evidences multiply that public affairs are very loosely managed at Doylestown, but the farmers are waking up, and before long somebody in that neighborhood is going to get hurt.—*Times.*

SHOT A GIRL AND BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT.

Wooster, Ohio, Febr'y 10.—At Shreve last night Wilbur Peters, a jilted lover, shot and fatally wounded Laura Chester just as she was leaving the roller skating rink for her home. The young man then placed the revolver to his own head and blew his brains out. The affair has created intense excitement.

THE MAGIC MIRROR OF JAPAN.

At a recent meeting of the German Asiatic Society of Japan a paper was read by Dr. H. Muraoka, of Tokio, on the magic mirror of Japan. It is generally supposed that its magical quality was discovered only recently; but it was, says Dr. Muraoka, known for a long time in Japan. Old ladies have told him that in their youth, 50 years since, they frequently noticed, when at toilet, that the reflection of the sun from the mirror on the wall or ceiling contained the figures or letters on its back. It is said to have been known to the Romans in connection with some of their mirrors, and any one concealing a mirror possessing this quality was arrested as a sorcerer; but the authority for this statement is not given. The subject has engaged considerable attention, as will be seen from the fact that in recent years a list of 14 writers on the subject is quoted, from Stanislaus Julien, in 1847, to Messrs, Ayrton and Perry, quite lately; and, as the subsequent discussion showed, there are omissions even in this list. These writers, especially the two latter, have demonstrated beyond doubt that unequal convexities in the mirror beget its magical quality. The polished surfaces are convex, but the convexity is not continuous, and is broken in certain places. After going over what has already been done in the subject and its results, the author describes his own investigations. The riddles of the mirror are far from being all answered by the discovery of unequal convexity. For example how is the inequality caused—by pressure, heat, or changes in the molecular tension of the metal plates? The writer tried many experiments to answer the question, and he succeeded by means of chemical agents in drawing lines on the flat back of a mirror which were reproduced on a reflected image from the front. His results are that the irregularity in convexity is caused by the grinding, which alters the molecular tension; that the magic mirror may be produced at will, (it was generally supposed to be the work of [chance alone), and that the magical quality attributed to it is not confined to Japanese bronze, but is common to all firm elastic substances. A curious process employed by mirror workers is described by Dr. Muraoka. It appears to be one of the secrets of the craft. If the surface of a mirror has been made concave by mechanical pressure, the injury is not repaired, as might be expected, by hammering the other side or otherwise forcing the metal back into its place. The workman takes an iron tool with rounded, but slightly rough. top, and rubs the concave portion of the mirror in all directions until a fine network of scratches has been formed. The place then rises of itself, and, instead of being concave, become more convex than the rest of the surface. This convexity is then shaved away by a knife made for the purpose until it becomes even with the rest of the mirror. When this is done the whole surface is again ground, polished, and amalgamated.

THE LATEST IS EXPLOSIVES.

The latest thing in explosives is blasting paper. Dynamite, it is claimed, is nothing to it, and it can be made at so small a cost that the present condition of the dynamiters' treasury would suffice to furnish enough of it to blow all England into "smithereens." It is a patent of a Viennese by the name of Petry and is now coming into use in excavating for building purposes. It is made of common blotting paper. The paper is coated with a hot mixture composed of seventeen parts of yellow prussiate of potash, 17 parts of charcoal, 35 parts of refined salt, 70 parts of chlorate of potash, and ten parts of wheat starch, added to 1,500 parts of water. The sheets are dipped in the boiling mass and dried. Then they are cut into strips, which are rolled into cartridges, and the article is ready for use.

The old plan of felling trees by means of the axe and wedge has fallen into disrepute. The lumberman in Canada, Maine and Southern forests now use dynamite, which is more expeditions and effective than any means yet tried. Several channels are dug underneath the tree at the roots or bored into the trunk. The dynamite cartridge is then placed in these channels and exploded. The tree, instead of being scattered or multilated, as is often the case when the wedge and axe are used, is lifted right out of the ground and falls intact. Large logs are split and stumps raised by the same means.

FATHER AND SON.

The following story is told of Alexander Dumas. When the first successful novel of the son appeared, old Alexander wrote to his son, as though to a stranger, congratulating him on his book, and adding that he ought to know something about the difficulties of novel-writing, as he had himself been guilty of several. Alexander fils replied in the same spirit, thanking his correspondent for his congratulations, of which he felt especially proud, as coming from one of whom he had often heard his father speak in the highest terms.

The trombome is the sack but of the ancients; and it was revived about 1,790, after a model found in Pompeii.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

NEW YORK BEGGARS.

All the members of this respectable fraternity have their regular "beats." The blind and lame beggars, with the wheezy two-organs and cranky accordeons, all have their corners by a tacit understanding among the "profession;" and if the blind man should "see" the lame man encroaching upon his "beat," there would doubtless be a fight or foot-race. Beggars are found in front of all the uptown hotels: each one having his regular hotel square. They are there about meal time, in all their loathsomeness, under the mistaken idea that people are generally in the best humor after eating, and consequently the most liberal. Those who eat at high-priced restaurants and European hotels are generally thinking of the protective tariff charges are in no humor to bled again. After dinner the beggars leave their beats on a roaving commission, and roam at random on Madison and Fifth avenues like a blind freight train. They manage to get to the theatres about the time they are out, and "work" the emerging crowds for all they will stand. They know that a man is more liberal, or rather foolishly liberal, when with a lady, especially if the couple are not married. But citizens who know these whinning imposters, do not consider it a lack of charity to refuse them. But a stranger frequently gives, fearing his lady friend would deem him an "unfeeling fellow" were he to refuse. They then lie in wait at the restaurants until the last theatre goer has gone home. Beggars make from two to five dollars a day. They ask for "only a penny" but rarely receive less than a nickel. Citizens whose sympathies are aroused, but whose doubts of their sincerity are scarecely removed toss them a penny. Strangers give a nickel or ten cents; frequently westerners, to whom begging is something new, toss the mendicants a quarter or even a half dollar, and regard the look of surprise from the by-standers as a compliment of their generosity, rather than to their credulity. In the lower portion of the city, especially on Sixth and Third avenues, the beggars on these streets are more presistant in their entreaties and invaribly insulting when refused. Perhaps it is owing to their desperation, They get comparatively few pennies, and very rarely more than a penny from any one giver. They are met at the doors of business places with a cool reception; and at the residences they do not fare much better. It mainly depends upon the frame of mind in which they find the servant girl and the condition of the pantry. Many of these beggars are so bold and impolitic as to enter a cheap restaurant and importune men who are stinting their meals because of their poverty. These embolden beggars will stand on the corners at nightfall and importune shop girls and poor laboring men who are walking home, forty or fifty blocks, to save car fare. "Never was New York so overrun with beggars as it is now, and about the best way to get rid of them," said an old New Yorker, "is to license them, and make them pay a revenue like any other trade."

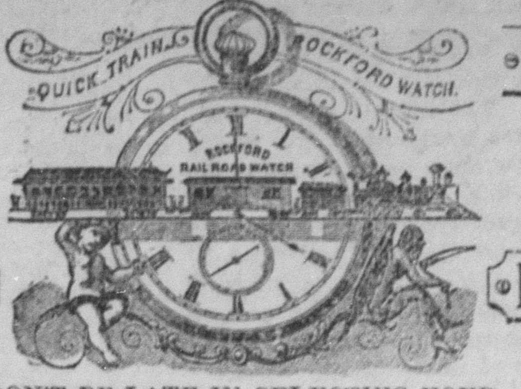
ABOUT WOMEN.

Bill Arp says: There is no record anywhere in any history, of a happy married state where a man had more than one wife. Lamech had two, but the Scriptures say no more about him. Adam had but one, and Noah one, hnd they started the business of peopling the world. Old Father Abraham bad one, and when he took another on the the sly old Aunt Sarah got after him and flailed out the second one with a thrash pole and ran her off. Jacob had two; and if ever a man deserved two he did, but they didn't get along well, though they were sisters. Moses had only one. King David had several, but he was cursed with 'em, and actually committed murder to get one of 'em, and lived in anguish ever after, for he said, "My sin is greater than I can bear." Old Solomon must have had an awful time of it, for he had a thousand, and they kept him so harassed and bedevilled that he flew to his inkstand and wrote that he had found one good man, but a good woman in a thousand he had not found. Of course not. How could a woman be good when she is only a thousandth part of a wife? But Solomon repented of his folly and said it was all vanity, and advised all men to "live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest," and to "beware of strange women." I never think of the surplus wives who are sealed to the Mormons without a feeling of sadness and pity, for every new one causes the others a pang of shame. They are all in prison, and their dependence is like that of a caged bird that tamely looks for food. There is no escape, for woman is a proud creature and will suffer in silence rather than parade her folly to the world. Did you ever notice how a woman will suffer and be strong, especially if she has a child to keep her company?

It is not in the bright, happy day, but only in the solemn night, that other worlds are to be seen shining in their long, long distances. And it is in sorrow—the night of the soul—that we see the farthest, and know ourselves natives of infinity and sons and daughters of the Most High.

An extra discount of 10 to 20 per cent. on all ladies' and children's coats, at the Bee Hive.

ALWAYS ON TIME — NEVER GET LEFT



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During this month our stock of winter goods must be reduced. Our space is limited and room must be made for Spring and Summer stock. To effect this we have concluded to reduce prices on such goods. We can not sacrifice first quality goods at the prices sometimes requested by customers, but we will do the very best we can and always guarantee that you will see that it was to your interest to buy.

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Men's and Women's Underwear, large assortment, at all prices.

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IN A MEXICAN RESTAURANT.

A traveler visiting Mexico says: We stopped for a lunch at a fondita, or little restaurant. The dirt floor of this wayside inn was neatly swept, its whitewashed walls hung with pictured saints wreathed with gaudy paper roses, rickety-legged wooden benches were ranged against the walls, and the only two chairs the establishment afforded were brought for las Americanas, who are suspected of not wishing to conform to the custom of native Indian women—that of squatting upon a petate. Our refreshment was speedily spread upon a well-scoured table—to which a cloth would have been an incongruous superfluity—a pot of rancid sheep's milk, curd cheese with honey, biscuits which would have made excellent cannon balls, and a basket of tamarinds, mangoes and pomegranates temptingly arranged in green leaves, as the people have a tasteful habit of doing. Of course the inevitable pulque was at hand, in a pig skin which gurgled an approving note alarmingly like life while emptying its contents into our mugs. These "so-called" pig skins are really the undressed hides of sheep, with the wool side turned in. Nothing else is considered so good for holding the popular drink, and we are told that a small sized skin costs about two dollars and a half, but lasts little more than a month, as the fermentation going on within soon rots the wool off. The dirtiest of the Indians make most delicious curd cheese of mixed goat and cow's milk, which is eaten with wild honey or crumbled into the frejoles (stewed beans), without which no meal is complete. Though these cheeses are extensively imitated by their betters in social station, none can make them so well as the Indians. Evidently the proper flavor needs certain conditions—of surrounding dirt, lice, foul oders, etc., which *los ricos* cannot give. After this dainty repast, the mistress of the manse offered us her own cigarette holder, from the pocket of her greasy gown, tendering the courtesy with the air of a princess—an honor which Betsy and I would not for the world have wounded her feelings by refusing. Having performed that polite duty nobly like two "little men," while the mules were resting we wandered out to view the village.

* * *

POWER OF IMAGINATION.

As illustrative of what imagination will do, the case of a woman who imagined that a frog had found lodgment in her stomach may be recited. The woman in question is the wife of an industrious machanic living out near the Presidio, and in some unknown manner conceived the idea that the reptile was in her stomach. Argument by her husband and friends that it was a hallucination availed not, and matters grew worse and worse until one day, when the woman was downtown, her imaginary complaint was so bad that in desperation she entered a drug store and, stating her case, asked for relief. The apothecary happened to be a physician, and seeing at once that his customer's complaint was an imaginary one he resolved to humor her. Calling his clerk he despatched him to a rotisserie near by to procure a frog, and administered an emetic to the woman. The frog was slipped into the pail, and when the victim of the hallucination saw it she expressed her thanks, and said she felt much relieved. It was only a few days, however, before another hallucination that there were more frogs, offspring of the ejected reptile, in her stomach, took possession of her. She at once repaired to the apothecary and told him of her fears. The druggist scratched his head for a moment, and then remembering that he had chucked the frog into a jar of alcohol took it from the shelf, and after looking at it intently for few moments, returned to the woman with a satisfied smile on his face, and said, "Madame, you are mistaken; this is not that kind of a frog." The woman was cured, and since then has been troubled with no further hallucination of this kind.

* * *

EXCLUSIVE ENGLISHMEN.

The following anecdote is told in relation to the unsocial habits Englishmen who travel. An old American gentleman was travelling from Liverpool to London. Three gentlemen in all occupied the carriage, and for an hour after the train had begun its journey never one exchanged a syllable with another. At last the American broke silence, and said: "Gentlemen, I am L—— D——. I have come——. I have been a merchant for fifty years, and now I am living in ease. I am eighty years of age, and I have two eyes and one tongue, and, like a great many of my countrymen, I take a pleasure in using them. My eyes feel the period in which they have done me service, and I cannot read for the motion of the train. Having introduced myself, I trust, gentlemen, you will not look upon me as a pickpocket." At this one of the gentlemen drew out his card-case and gave his card. This example was immediately followed by the other. "What, gentlemen!" said the American, "you do not seem to know one another; let me introduce you; and with that he crossed his arms and presented the card of one to the other. This was the beginning of a warm and long friendship.

* * *

Ladies Plush garments made to order at the Bee Hive.

Items of Interest.

Edward Wardell, son of Ellen Terry, made his first appearance on the stage in Chicago as the son of *Joel, the Gardiner* in "Eugene Aram."

The performance of two tunes on a guitar by the bride was the fee which a Georgia justice received for marrying a couple.

As an important step toward securing an abolition of the practice of pistol carrying, a Galveston. Texas, paper suggests that the pistol pocket should be prohibited by law.

It is said that the originator of the Concord grape has raised over 20,000 seedlings in the past thirty-five years without finding his ideal grape, and only twenty-one had desirable qualities.

It is a curious fact that of the 188 members of the English Privy Councils 99 or rather more than one-half, are peers. As there are 513 peers, it would seem that about one out of every five is a Privy Councillor.

A linguist is doing service as a policeman in a railroad station at Macon, Ga. He can converse in seven different languages, has two more imperfectly in his head, and before six months have passed hopes to add three more to his repertoire.

A London lawyer suffered a long time from lead poisoning before the doctors discovered that it was owing to the use of snuff put up in so-called tin-foil wrappers. According to the Medical press there are now on record thirty-four coses of this kind. Some samples of moist snuff contained 2.50 per cent. of lead.

A very simple contrivance—but at the same time one very valuable—is being placed in the switches, frogs, and guards of the Old Colony Railroad. It consists of a piece of hard wood so shaped and bolted to a rail as to prevent a person's foot from being caught in the groove when on the track. Accidents of that kind are of daily occurrence.

Hezekiah Williams, colored, was exhibited at a Philadelphia museum as "the wild man from the jungles of Africa." He was chained to the floor and the police interfered on the supposition that he was a maltreated idiot. The removal of his false hair and beard revealed a perfectly sane negro. The magistrate said that Williams could exhibit himself as a wild man or any other kind of a man as long as he hurt no one.

Dr. Cagny calles attention to the indiscriminate use of the tincture of arnica for horses. He says that it is often employed in considerable quantities for petty strains and bruises, and is kept in contact with the effected surfaces until they are swollen, heated, and often blistered, thus greatly aggravating the original trouble. He also cites cases in which erysipelas has been induced in men from an overuse of this irritating remedy.

This story is published respecting the origin of balloons, that Madame Montgolfier had washed her petticoat to wear to a great festival on the next day, and hung it over a chafing-dish to dry. The hot air, swelling out the folds of the garment, lifted it up and floated it. The lady was astonished, and called her husband's attention to the sight. It did not take Montgolfier long to grasp the idea of the hot-air balloon.

The researches lately made by English explorers in regard to deep sea beds have led to the belief that there are no rough ridges, abrupt chasms nor bare rock, and that the sea bottom at great depths is not affected by currents or streams, even by those of the magnitude of the Gulf stream—its general appearance rather resembling that of the American prairies, and it is everywhere covered by a kind of mud.

The Bank of France, it is said, has an invisible studio in a gallery behind the cashiers, so that at a signal from one of them any suspected customer will instantly have his picture taken without his own knowledge. The camera has also become very useful in the detection of frauds, a word or a figure that to the eye seems completely erased being clearly reproduced in photographs of the document that had been tampered with.

The myth that a large sum of money had been offered by the Government for 1,000,000 postage stamps is said to have arisen in the following way: An advertisement appeared in London, England, asking charitable people to send their stamps to a poor boy in Brighton, who wished to cover his walls with portraits of her Majesty. When they should be covered the lad's education was to be paid for by a weathly lunatic. Thousands of stamps were sent, and then cleaned and sold. The police broke it up.

A young lady at Forest City, Sierra county, Cal., while fast asleep, got out of bed, partly dressed, picked up a lantern, and started for her home at Minnesota, in the same county. She passed some terribly bad and steep roads, and finally arrived at Kanaka Creek, two and a half miles from her starting point, in safety, but just before stepping upon the foot bridge to cross it she stumbled, and the jar woke her up. She comprehended the situation very quickly, and proceeded on to Minnesota, reaching home some time before daylight. For some days previous to the above event the girl had been suffering from homesickness

* * *

—Our black silk at 76cts, $1, $1 10 $1.25 are 40 per cent under value. Greatest bargain at Bee Hive.

Woman's Province.

THE DUTIES OF THE GENTLER SEX—HOW BEST FULFILLED.

What a great task is assigned to woman. Its dignity can not be elevated. It is not her province to make laws, to lead armies, nor to be at the head of great enterprises, but to her is given the power to form those by whom the laws are made, to teach the leaders of mighty armies and the governors of vast empires. She is required to guard against having the slightest taint of bodily infirmity touch the frail creature whose moral, intellectual and physical being is derived from her. She must instil correct principles, inculcate right doctrines, and breathe into the soul of her offspring those pure sentiments which in time to come will be a part of themselves, and bless generations yet unborn. Yes, to woman is given the blessed privilege of aiding the sufferer in all the various stages of his existence. She smiles serenely at the christening, and weeps at the burial, while she soothes the bereaved heart. This is her province and duty. Yet how can she fulfill her mission unless possessed of a strong and healthy body? The preparation of Dr. S. B. Hartman, and known as PERUNA, is just the thing for persons suffering from a majority of the complaints incident to this climate. It is invaluable to women, and Mrs. J. W. Reynolds, of New Lisbon, Columbiana county, Ohio, is a noted example of what the medicine can do. She says she has suffered for years with congestion of the lungs, catarrh in the head, and was troubled with a bad cough. She had tried a number of physicians, but they all failed to cure her. She was induced to try PERUNA, and immediately a marked change took place. After using one bottle her cough ceased and in a short time her other ailments were cured. She is now completely restored to health, and gives all the credit to PERUNA. Mr. J. W. Reynolds, her husband, was a confirmed invalid. He could not sleep well, neither could he work. He used PERUNA, and as a result, was completely restored to his former vigor and strength. He says he now feels like a new man.

Mr. Bernhardt Seubs, St. Clair, St. Clair county, Mich., says: "I have thoroughly tried your PERUNA in the various diseases to which parents and a large family of children are ever liable, and I find it in every case to be just the thing needed. No family can honestly be without it."

Nancy Feterman, Cookport, Indiana County, Pa., says: "*Gentlemen:* Your valuable PERUNA is the best medicine I ever used."

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DR. SCOTT, 842 Broadway St., N.Y.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD TIME TABLE. IN EFFECT NOV. 17, 1884.
Daily Except Sunday.

Leave Westward.

	1	3	5	7	9
	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Montandon	5.50	9.20	10.20	1.45	5.55
Lewisburg, ar.	6.00	9.30	10.25	2.00	6.10
Lewisburg, lv.	7.25		10.35	2.15	
Fair Ground	7.30		10.40	2.20	
Biehl	7.40		10.51	2.30	
Vicksburg	7.45		11.00	2.36	
Mifflinburg	8.10ar.		11.20	2.50	
Mifflinburg, lv	8.00			3.00	
Millmont	8.22			3.28	
Laurelton	8.32			3.40	
Coburn	9.48			5.00	
Rising Spring	10.15			5.30	
Centre Hall	10.39				
Linden Hall	11.00 arrive				
Oak Hall	11.10 arrive				

Leave Eastward.

	2	4	6	8	10
		A.M.			P.M.
Oak Hall					1.00
Linden Hall					1.08
Centre Hall					1.28
Rising Spring		5.50			1.50
Coburn		6.18			2.20
Laurelton		7.20			3.40
Millmont		7.40			3.52
Mifflinburg, ar.		8.00	A.M.	P.M.	4.12
Mifflinburg, lv.		8.00		12.10	4.15
Vicksburg		8.15		12.26	4.28
Biehl		8.20		12.34	4.34
Fair Ground		8.30		12.45	4.45
Lewisburg, ar.	A.M	8.35		12.50	4.50
Lewisburg, lv.	5.25	8.55	10.00	1.05	5.25
Montandon	ar.5.40	ar.9.10	ar.10.10	ar.1.20	ar.5.40

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 7.30 P. M., returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 7.50 P. M.

CHAS. E. PUGH, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Ag't.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after May, 11, 1884

WESTWARD.

Train		Station	Time
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 46 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 25 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 57 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	9 35 a m
	arr at	Erie	6 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 45 a m
	arr at	Lock Haven	12 20 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves	Philadelphia	7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 32 a m
	arr at	Williamsport	2 35 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 55 p m
"	"	Renovo	5 05 p m
"	"	Kane	9 25 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 05 p m
FAST LINE	leaves	Philadelphia	11 10 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 25 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 50 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 05 p m
	arr at	Renovo	9 15 p m
(Sunday Train.)			
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves	Philadelphia	4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
	arrives	Renovo	12 30 p m

EASTWARD.

Train		Station	Time
SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves	Lock Haven	7 00 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 29 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 16 a m
	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves	Kane	6 00 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 05 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 36 p m
	arr at	Harrisburg	3 48 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 25 p m
WMPT AC'N	leaves	Renovo	3 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 00 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 35 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 49 p m
	arrives at	Harrisburg	10 25 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 05 a m
Sunday Train—Williamsport Accom'n East runs also on Sunday.			
ERIE MAIL	leaves	Erie	2 20 p m
"	"	Renovo	10 40 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 45 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 00 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 05 a m
	arr at	Harrisburg	4 20 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	7 10 a m

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen'l Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Passger' Agent

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J. D. MURRAY, Druggist.
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FORT ORANGE,
EASTLAKE AND
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A Strictly Cash Store where goods are bought and sold for Cash.

We do not think it necessary to recall to the minds of the people the instances under our own observation in which business men have been ruined by the credit system, but ask you frankly whether it is not the cause of embarrassing so many business men of to-day. Believing you admit it we desire to impress you with the fact that on and after

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26,

we will inaugurate an entire new system known as the

STRICTLY CASH OR MONEY DOWN.

By this we do not mean to say "terms cash" and sell on credit but mean what we say, and the editor of the "Reporter" cannot buy 50 cents worth unless he planks down the cash, and so the rule will apply to all alike. We next wish to show that this new system will be even more advantgeous to the public than to ourselves, as follows:

1st—Merchandise bought on credit must eventually be paid for and as there are always more or less dead accounts the merchant is compelled to add at least 5 per cent. to the price of his stock to account for his loss.

2d—On account of not getting money down he must add another 5 per cent. to pay the interest on his borrowed money.

3d—It requires one third more work to make a blotter charge than to simply take the money and this necessarily adds another 5 per cent. to the price.

4th—Not being able to pay for goods as soon as they reach the store, (by having money in his books,) the credit merchant pays 5 per cent. more than the cash merchant.

You can add numerous reasons of your own and conclude by saying, "it is a golden idea for all," and in addition to the saving of 15, 20 or 25 per cent. on our goods we will be able to close the year free of debt.

Under the new system we offer Granulated sugar at 7c, Arbuckles' coffee at 16c, best home-made flour $1.10 per sack, White Deer roller flour $1.25, A syrup 38c per gallon, Appleton A muslin 7c per yard, dress goods 5c, best prints 6c, cheap prints 3, &c., &c.

Produce taken in exchange or cash paid when desired.

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We refer to the editor of this paper. eow

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A fine selection of silk handkerchiefs and gent's neck-wear, for the holidays, at Guggenheimers.

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An immense stock of the best styles youths' and boys' caps, at Guggenheimers.

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Buffalo and wolf robes, lap robes, and horse blankets of all grades, at Guggenheimers.

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A large stock of flanel shirts, at Guggenheimers.

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HELP for the working people. Send 10 cts. postage and we will mail you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly sucessful, 50 cents to $5 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address, STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

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Prize. Send six cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

SALESMEN WANTED. A few good reliable men to act as AGENTS for the sale of our **New Fruits and Specialties!** together with a full line of NURSERY STOCK. Previous experience not essential. LIVE, ACTIVE MEN EARN GOOD WAGES. For terms address, giving full name, age and reference,
Hoopes, Brother & Thomas, West Chester, Penn'a.

WHAT WAS HE?

The winds blew fierce; the sun was red
And snow covered streets and moor—
Supplies of coal and meat and bread
He left at a widow's door.
This was his deed—
And he did well.
What was his creed?
I cannot tell.

He gently rapped at the door and turned,
As it opened and walked away;
And which were the happier tears that burned
On his or the widow's cheeks that day
I do not know,
He spoke no word—
Only whirring snow
In the wind was heard.

Where want and hunger and cold abode
He never was far away.
And when the chimes in the tower were tolled
He never was heard to pray.
Yet into the box
His alms bestowed.
His faith? What was it?
I do not know.

He knew no sect, Jew, Greek or Moor,
Nor Christian, nor church, nor race,
But the way to the homes of the attic poor
And the basement damp would trace,
In heat or cold,
By night or day,
His creed: What was it?
I cannot say.

For the hungry poor he believed in bread,
And clothes for the ragged and cold,
And fuel for hearths, where coals were dead;
And hearts that never grow old.
His sect? His creed?
His faith? Who knows?
'Tis the "greatest of all"
His warm heart glows.

JILTED.

Claude Melner, a young artist, sat in his studio in New York one morning, putting the finishing touches to the life size portrait of a young lady. He was undoubtedly talented; but as the saying goes, "his father was born before him." Melner, senior, was a well-known and apparently well-to-do portrait painter, whose pictures fetched handsome prices. The son inherited a certain share of his father's artistic genius, but had not yet been compelled to struggle with the world like the latter so fully develop the gift. He had never known the up-hill work of the friendless aspirant for fame. His life had hitherto been smooth and uneventful. The father's surplus business had quietly flowed into the son's studio. Claude had thus managed to get a name among a certain class, which true judges of art would not have awarded him, and to make enough to keep him afloat—when his own earnings were added to the frequent presents that came out of the too ready purse of doting parents to their only, and in some respects spoilt, son.

So Claude painted leisurely. He was never in a hurry to push a picture, or to demand payment for it. His bread and butter were sure, even if they were not the fruit of his own exertions. He had only himself to care for. There was no wife and child in the background clamoring for food, clothing and shelter. As yet he regarded his palette and brush more as playthings than as instruments by which to carve his way to fame and fortune, neither of which held out any attraction for him. Appreciative of industry in others, he disliked it himself. He was genial and much liked by his brother artists, who considered him a lucky fellow, likely to inherit wealth, even if he did not attain his father's professional success. Several of them envied him, for Lucy Blake, one of the prettiest girls in New York, was his betrothed. Inpeed, it was her portrait that he was then completing. But though Claude was deeply in love, he had not the divine *Afflatus* and devotion to work which marks the true master, and ultimately makes him tower above his fellow-students in the world of art. His was more the occasional *dilettante* pencilling of the amateur than the steady application of the professional. And parties and the park claimed a considerable share of his time, especially since his engagement to Lucy.

While thus employed on the portrait of his fiancee, Claude was mentally engaged in building—not art—but love castles in the air; and thinking of his approaching wedding and marriage tour with his bride, over the art galleries of Europe; for he knew that Lucy—herself of a literary turn—was as anxious as himself to revel in their beauties.

"A telegram for you, sir," said a boy in uniform, opening the door suddenly after knocking.

"Wait a moment," said Claude, annoyed at being interrupted in retouching a delicate flesh tint.

"It's marked 'in haste,' sir, and I think you'd better read it," continued the boy.

This made Claude take it up and open it. It was from his mother and read as follows:

"Your father is dead. Dropped suddenly in the street an hour ago from apoplexy. Come home immediately. I am distracted."

To his disappointment and the great surprise of everybody, the old gentleman died very poor, leaving only a comparatively small sum in the bank and a little real estate, barely enough to support his widow for the remainder of her days.

Claude was thus thrown suddenly on his own resources. But what of that? With Lucy to cheer and spur him on, he believed that he could do wonders, and, at least, earn enough to keep them in moderate comfort.

But misfortunes seldom come alone. He had been reckoning without his host. The course of true love is often rugged and unpleasant. As Claude sat in his studio one forenoon, a month later, somewhat busier than before—for he had now his own bread to win, and often found it hard to make both ends meet, especially as he had no father to send him stray customers—a tap came to the door which made him start, for he knew the knock, and ran toward it as it was opened by Lucy Blake.

"I'm glad you have come, Lucy," he said, "as I so much want you to see this infant head. It is purely ideal. What do you think of it?"

"It is very good. But like most artists, you have made the face old fashioned, and too full of expression for a baby's."

"Well, Lucy," asked Claude, after a time, "when is it to be? Have you decided yet? Two months ago you said—soon."

"Our marriage, do you mean?"

"Yes, Lucy. How can you pretend to misunderstand me?"

"I must take time to think over it," answered Lucy, evasively.

And this was all the answer he could get from her.

So she departed, leaving her lover in as great doubt and anxiety regarding her and his future as ever; for the two, as he thought, were now indissolubly connected. After she had gone he could not help thinking that her manner appeared colder and more reserved than usual, and he puzzled himself with thinking why.

Next day brought a solution of the difficulty in the form of a small note, in which Lucy desired that their engagement should be at an end. It was not her wish, she said, but her father's. Her love, she declared, was unalterable; but she dared not disobey her parents, and positively declined seeing or hearing from him in the future.

Claude knew her father, and could easily divine his reason for this sudden and unexpected decision. The rising merchant would not place his daughter's comfort and happiness in the hands of a poor and struggling artist. His father's death had lowered him in the social scale. There was no denying it, and he had to look the fact in the face. He thought he would not have discarded Lucy on such slight grounds, but love forbade him to criticise her conduct too severely or think too harshly of her.

In more ways than one the future was now a blank before him: and the world not quite so sunny and joyous. For a time he thought life was scarcely worth the care we bestow upon it, and that the sun of his happiness had forever set. But though heartlessly jilted, he never once thought of dying of despair, or of committing suicide. In spite of all his faults, he had a fair share of good, practical common sense. At length his innate self-esteem and hope—those twin blessings, without which thousands would go to the wall—came to the rescue; made him take a healthier and more manly view of things, and nerved him for the real battle of life before him. With God's help and his own right arm, he saw no reason why he should not do what others had done and attain equal success. So, his mother being comfortably settled, he determined to forget Lucy and love, if he could, and make art his sole thought. And bidding New York farewell, though with a still heavy heart, he sailed for Europe.

Before reaching Rome, his final destination, Claude visited all the great galleries and famous pictures in the various capitals and churches of the continent.

The Eternal City was at length reached; and there he settled down to steady work, his imagination and soul fired with a praiseworthy ambition to become like his father, a leader in the artistic world. Throwing the unhappy past as much as possible behind his back, he looked forward to a bright future.

The heart must have a shrine, and Claude now knelt before that of his noble profession. And in the end his love cross, instead of marring, was the means of making him. But for that he would never have soared above the rank of mediocrity. As it was, his latent talent, fanned by a healthy competition, and aided by application, soon made him conspicuous, and in a few years wafted his name to America as one of the most promising artists in Rome, thereby bringing him many valuable commissions, and ultimately a pressing invitation to settle in his native country and make his birthplace his home. This he finally accepted.

In New York his success was great. Work and wealth poured in on him. His society was courted, his opinion valued, his advice much sought after and his position apparently an enviable one. But all this time he had not forgotten Lucy. He had tried to banish her image from his heart, but found it impossible. He could not bring himself to believe that she was to blame for discarding him. And now that misfortune had overtaken her, he felt more drawn to her than ever, and longed to discover her whereabouts and cheer or aid her if necessary; for her father, after suffering a crushing reverse in business, which ruined him, had died, leaving his daughter in poverty. She had since then left the city, and no one that he knew could inform him where she had gone.

One day a well-known publisher consulted him with regard to illustrations for a volume of poems, and left the manuscript for perusal.

"What do you think of 'Musings Among the Mountains?'" asked he, a month afterward. "Have you had time to look them over?"

"Yes. The sonnets are particularly good; and also some of the longer and more ambitious pieces. Altogether, it is unquestionably a first-class production But here and there it betrays the hand of a novice in poetical composition. I should say it is by a female. Her descriptive power is wonderful, and will materially facilitate the illustration, which I can undertake, but would first like to meet the author or authoress."

"So you shall, if I can prevail upon her to let you into her secret. She writes under a nom-de-plume, and wishes her name to be suppressed. If possible I shall arrange a meeting."

Ere long Claude had an invitation to meet the unknown authoress at dinner at the house of his friend, the publisher.

"Allow me to introduce Mr. Claude Melner," said he, as the latter entered the parlor, and found himself vis-a-vis to a young lady clad in deep mourning, who started violently and blushed deeply in evident astonishment, as the name reached her ears.

Nor was Claude less surprised to find that the fair authoress was his former friend and fiancee, Lucy Blake. She met him frankly, and he was too pleased to see her again, especially under such circumstances, to be unforgiving. Mutual explanations followed, and their friend, the worthy publisher, at whose house she was stopping, was soon let into the secret of their former intimacy.

Claude seized an early opportunity to have a private interview with her to ascertain her feelings toward him.

"Lucy," he said, "may I ask if it was your wish to have our engagement broken off?"

"In a sense it was. Still, I was true to you and loved you; but did what I then considered my duty, and yielded to my father's judgment."

"You say you loved me, Lucy. Don't you love me now?"

She made no reply, but only crept closer to him, to be folded to his heart and loved and prized more than in times of yore, in his younger and more thoughtless days.

Twenty-Five Cent Meals.

"How can you manage to furnish a meal at such a price?" asked a customer in Chicago, after paying a twenty-five cent dinner check at the counter of a well-known restaurant in Chicago.

"I couldn't if I bought the material only for myself, or even for myself and family," returned the proprietor, "but buying for a great many hundred meals at a time, I manage both to make ends meet and make a handsome profit besides."

"What is your regular bill of fare for twenty-five cents?"

"I give for dinner a different kind of soup every day, fish, a choice of meat or fowl roasted, four or five kinds of vegetables, fruit and some kind of pastry. For breakfast or supper there is not such a variety, but includes tea or coffee."

"The attendance must be an important item?"

"It is, generally, but so many cooks and waiters, who run on the boats in summer, are out of work that it doesn't cost so much here in winter."

"Is there such a difference between wholesale and retail rates of provisions that you can afford to throw in the cooking and service gratis?"

"Not ordinarily, but with the system of cold storage now practited, I can buy meats vegetables and fruits when they are cheap, and hold them for use. In the matter of meats and game that is a decided advantage, and they are really improved in flavor and tenderness by storage."

"Do you buy your meats in bulk?"

"No; I buy only loins and quarters, but I buy from large houses who do their own packing and have means for using up the rougher pieces. Buying in large quantities, of course I get low prices, even better than most of the retail dealers can obtain, and then with my storage facilities I am not subjected to waste. It may seem strange that I can furnish a complete meal at barely twice the retail price of the raw meat used, but it is the fact. Now, take fowl, for instance. Previous to Thanksgiving and Chrismas turkeys sold for from sixteen to eighteen cents a pound. The wholesale price was fourteen. A change of weather alarmed dealers, and one, rather than run the risk of having them spoil on his hands, sold me his entire stock at nine cents, and I have some of them still in my cellar in as good condition as when I bought them. In fact, many citizens wonder how I can set them out meats so much finer than they can buy, but it is mainly due to storage."

"Then I have other advantages in the matter of oysters and canned goods, which I buy in such quantities that I can get at dealers' rates from first hands. There isn't such a mystery in it, you see, after all, but I need to have plenty of ready money, though, and to watch the markets closely for bargains."

"How many meals do you set in a day?"

"I have set as high as 800 and frequently feed people at the rate of 175 every twenty-five minutes. Of course I have to guard closely against leakage and don't have much, and generally have something over, besides, for the Little Sisters of the Poor."

"Yes, I'm very well satisfied with the profits, and the public seem to be satisfied with my fare and prices too."

Three Famous Documents.

The world has three great constitutional documents, the Declaration of Independence, the Declaration of Rights of 1688 and Magna Charta of King John. The original of the first named is preserved in the Independence hall, Philadelphia and is familiar to most Americans. The bill or Declaration of Rights that followed the revolution of 1688 is preserved in the Somerset house, London. It is written in a small but plain hand, in English, and covers a parchment twelve inches wide and nearly thirty feet along. Such was the form in which, in those days, the records of the House of Lords were kept. The orignal of the great Magna Charta of King John has had a varied history, having been many times moved, and barely escaping destruction in the great fire of 1666. It is written on very heavy parchment, in size 30x42 inches, and surrounded by the seals of the eighteen barons who forced the Plantagenet kink to execute the document on the plains of Runnymede on that June day 669 years ago. The text is in old Latin, the exact translation of which has given rise to a great deal of learned controversy. At the bottom right hand corner is the signature of the king in a bold hand, and through it runs a leather thong which sustains the seal—a black and white quartz rock the size of a walnut, or thereabouts. The interesting old document is now preserved in one of the mammoth safes in the British museum, and is shown to visitors only upon an order from the lord chamberlain.

A wise housekeeper is careful where she keeps her flour, for she knows it is more readily tainted than milk,

Black Varnish.—To make a good black varnish for iron or other metals, dissolve by heat three ounces of asphaltum, four quarts of boiled oil and eight ounces of burnt umber. Mix the compound with turpentine while cooling,

Carnegie's Castle.

John Kessler of Allegheny has returned from Cumberland Island, Ga. This is where the historical mansion of the famous Lee family was located until shelled into a ruin during the late war. The "Dungeness," as this place was then and is still known, is now the property of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie. They have just finished a magnificent palace on this island, and Mr. Kessler while there was doing the plumbing and gasfitting work in this beautiful home. He was visited at his house one afternoon by a reporter, and upon being asked to give his impressions of this historic spot, said with great enthusiasm.

"It is paradise. When I was not working I was roaming about the plantation and becoming as familiar with its beauties as my inquisitiveness and the romance of my nature would permit. There was no one there to talk to, beside Mr. Carnegie, but the colored folk, and when I had time I got the superstitious people to amuse me with their strange stories. I often received from them bits of interesting history about this romantic place. The most discontented man in the world could be happy at Dungeness. This island is one of a group, and it is separated from the main land by Cumberland Sound. To go there from here you must travel by rail to Fernandina, Florida, and from the dock to Dungeness it is eight miles by water. The present house is built on the spot where the old Lee ancestral mansion once stood. That old house was one of the grandest in the South, and had sheltered some of the greatest men of this nation. It was seventy-five feet square and three stories and an attic in height. The walls were two feet thick and built of shell rock, which is the common structural material for houses in that part of the country. When Mr. Carnegie built his new house he erected it on the exact former location of the old house, which had been ruined during the war by shells fired into it from Federal gunboats. This new house is the most beautiful specimen of Gothic architecture in this country. I have worked in some splendid houses, but this one goes ahead of all I have ever seen. It is situated on the highest point on the island, and is surrounded by a plantation of 20,000 acres, of which over 3,000 acres are in cultivation. Cotton is the principal product. It is the best cotton grown in the world, I am told, but as I am no judge I don't know whether that is true or not. The plantation is mostly covered with a grove of live oaks, and one of the finest bits of scenery on the island is where you look up a long carriage drive which is lined with these trees. At the end of this roadway may be seen the new house, which is built of red granite brought from Maine. It has a slate roof, and the tower, which seems to shoot up from the midst of the gables, stands one hundred feet, and can be seen for miles out at sea. Oh, everything about that place is lovely enough to suit the most capricious nature. There is on this island, and not far from Dungeness, an old graveyard where are buried a number of eminent men, heroes of every war this country has ever had since its independence was declared, and ladies who are all now persons well known in history. They are nearly all members of the old Lee family. While there I copied from the tombstones in this graveyard a number of the inscriptions. Here is one of Light Horse Harry Lee of Revolutionary war fame. It reads:

Sacred
To the memory
of
GEN. HENRY LEE, OF VIRGINIA,
Obiit 25, March, 1818.
Aet, 63.

"You will notice some of the words are in Latin. Here is another:

T. N.
Memory of
CHARLES JACKSON, ESQ., OF NEWTON,
Massachusetts,
On the 23d of April, 1767. He was educated at Harvard College, and was
a Commissioned Officer in the
American Revolutionary
War, and for several
years a Counsellor-at-Law,
who died on 25 October, 1801, at the
mansion of Phineas Miller,
Cumberland Island,

"I made a copy of one, of a celebrated Southern lady of fashion in the old Continental days. It reads as follows:

LOUISA C. SHAW,
Relict of
JAMES SHAW, ESQ., and youngest
daughter of MAJOR GENERAL
NATHANIEL GREEN,
Of Army of the Revolution. Died at
Dungeness, Ga., April 24, 1831,
Aged 45 years.

"There were others, but it would fill a big book to tell all about those people. I would like to know if there are not romantic surroundings to this Dungeness? I found them so, anyhow."

On a Railroad Train.

"Bridal couples you meet almost every day?" was remarked to a railroad conductor.

"Yes, and it's amusing to watch them sometimes. Human silliness usually reaches its climax when newly married couples begin their honeymoon. Who ever saw a bride and bridegroom on a wedding tour who could let each other alone, and not give themselves dead away by their demeanor? The palace car or the sleeping car porter gets onto a newly married couple as quick as he does onto an unblacked pair of boots. The hotel waiter detects them surely and unerringly, and the bell-boy and the chamber-maid scent their game and grow extra attentive and more than usually numerous, in the expectation that the happy bridegroom will do the handsome thing in the way of fees. About a week ago I had a couple on my train that attracted more than ordinary attention because of their advanced age. The bridegroom was about 75 years old, and the bride not much younger. They were a precious pair of ancient turtle-doves, and no mistake. In the sleeping-car, when everybody else was quiet, this giddy old Benedict was heard to say to his bride: 'Who's a little lamb?' And she replied, in her most gushing tones: 'Bote of us!' Then a pair of toothless mouths met in noisy osculation, and the other passengers tittered. Human nature in motion, by fast express or accommodation, is the same as human nature elsewhere, and so far as opportunity can be had it will in any and every place assert itself.

"Confidence men? Well, yes, they continue to work the trains to some extent, though not as much as formerly. The railroad companies have detectives constantly on the lookout for sharpers, and the roads running out of Chicago are now comparatively free from them. They are giving their attention mostly to new roads in the north and west, such as the Northern Pacific, where I understand they are as thick as fleas. Three card men have had their day in railroad work. People have learned to be afraid of them, no matter how cleverly they may play the green, country gawk, nor how simple their little game may appear. If Canada Bill were alive, I suppose he could still make the racket pan out well, but he has never had a successor equal to him. Bill had the cheek once to write a letter to President of the Union Pacific, offering him $10,000 a year for the privilege of working the trains on that road."

"Is a conductor's life a pleasant one, in the main?"

"It has its ups and downs, its dangers and its hardships, but it has its bright side, too. The bitterest pill a conductor has to swallow is the knowledge that he is almost constantly watched by spies and spotters hired by the company; but the company is not to be blamed for taking this precaution. The conductor is exposed to temptation, and, as I said, human nature is the same on the railroad as elsewhere."

"What tricks are practiced by dishonest conductors to defraud the companies?"

"The commonest one is the 'knocking down' of cash fares. This is done every day, and is really the secret of the sudden elevation to wealth and position which is so frequently the lot of a man after he begins to run a train. It isn't in the nature of things that a conductor on a salary of $150 a month, can rise from poverty to opulence within a few years, and be strictly honest, unless he fall heir to some rich relative's estate. I have known conductors, however, who never knocked down a dollar of the cash fares they collected, and yet made a barrel of money outside of their salaries."

"How did they do it?"

"By crooked dealing in tickets. Unless a conductor punches a ticket it remains good, of course. He can pocket certain tickets without canceling them, and sell them to scalpers and other persons at a reduction. By working this plan carefully and systematically a mint of money may be made. Some of them have a special arrangement with ticket agents of the road with whom they form a secret partnership and divide the spoils. Others do business solely with the scalpers. It's very risky, though, this thing of stealing from the company, and the shrewdest of 'em sometimes get caught. I suppose you noticed what a clean sweep was made by the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis folks last winter. All but one of the conductors on this division were bounced, and it was about the same on all the other divisions. They were detected, you see."

"Was it the work of spotters?"

"Yes; but not the regular railroad detectives. Conductors have no trouble in getting onto them. These were men from Pinkerton's agency, as I have been told, and they put in about three months testing the conductors of that road. I know a man who used to be with Pinkerton, and I learned something from him about their methods. He says that in testing conductors there are usually two detectives in each coach—one occupying a seat in the centre of the car, and the other as near the rear as possible. When the conductor collects a cash fare they note the station where the passenger got on, and also where he gets off, and report accordingly. A conductor is required to make a prompt report to the auditor of the road of the cash fares collected on each run, and by comparing his report with those of the detectives it can easily be decided whether he is making full returns or not. Sometimes the poor fellow innocently steals the fare paid by the detectives themselves. The spotters also take note of every failure on the part of the conductor to punch tickets as he takes them up, and if he permits an intimate friend or relative to ride, the fact is reported. A conductor who never deadheads a friend or a fellow employe over the road gets himself disliked, and becomes exceedingly unpopular, and yet he cannot do so, except at the risk of losing his position. The fact is, a conductor's friends seldom consider the magnitude of the sacrifice they so coolly ask him to make as a special favor to them, and the consequence is that many a conductor's generosity has been his ruin.

Blue Blood.

The Empress of Austria makes good bread. All Queen Victoria's girls were brought up to do needlework and make pies and puddings. The Crown Princess of Germany goes this month to Italy to remain until May with her eldest daughter, both seeking restoration of health.

The Queen is supposed to be very much distressed because editors of some of the London "society" weeklies do not approve of Beatrice's engagement. The little Japanese prince who was adopted by Madame De Struve spoke fluently Japanese, Russian, English, French and German, and was not 12 years old. The Duchess of Albany has "lightened her mourning," and now all aristocratic London ladies in old or recent affliction will straightway go and do likewise,

It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.

How Boys Succeed.

A few years ago a drug firm in New York City advertised for a boy. The next day the store was thronged with applicants. Among them was a queer looking little fellow, accompanied by a woman who proved to be his aunt, lieu of faithless parents, by whom he had been abandoned. Looking at this waif, the proprietor said, "I can't take him; besides he is too small."

"I know he is small," said the woman, "but he is willing and faithful, and never drinks, uses tobacco or profane language."

There was a twinkling in the boy's eyes which made the merchant think again. A partner in the firm volunteered to remark that he did not see what they wanted with such a boy—he wasn't bigger than a pint of cider. But after consultation, the boy was set to work. A few days later a call was made on the boys in the store for some one to stay all night. The prompt response of the little fellow contrasted well with the reluctance of others. In the middle of the night the merchant looked in to see if all was right in the store, and presently discovered his young protege busy scissoring labels.

"What are you doing?" said he, "I did not tell you to work nights."

"I know you did not tell me so, but I thought I might as well be doing something."

In the morning the cashier got orders from the merchant to "double that boy's wages, for he was willing."

Only a few weeks passed before a show of wild beasts passed through the street, and, very naturally, all the hands in the store rushed to witness the spectacle. A thief saw his opportunity, and entered at the rear door to seize something, but in a twinkling found himself firmly clutched by the diminutive clerk aforesaid, after a struggle was captured. Not only was a robbery prevented, but valuable articles from other stores were recovered. When asked by the merchant why he stayed behind to watch when all others quit work, he replied:

"You told me never to leave the store when others were absent, and I thought I'd stay."

Orders were immediately given once more, "Double that boy's wages; he is willing and faithful."

To-day that boy is getting a salary of $2,500, and next month will become a member of the firm.

Anecdote of Spurgeon.

Mr. Spurgeon, the great London preacher, whose fiftieth birthday has recently been celebrated, began to preach while a mere boy. An anecdote, associated with these early ministrations, illustrates the fact that, like most precocious boys, he was not only self-reliant, but a little too free with his tongue.

In the early part of his ministry Spurgeon was asked to preach in a neighboring village, and when he came on the Sunday morning Mr. Brown, the pastor, said to him:

"I did not know you were such a boy, or I would not have asked you to preach for me."

"Well," he said, "I can go back."

"But," said Mr. Brown, "the people have come from all parts in all kinds of vehicles," and then he put his hands under his coat-tails and asked what the world was coming to when the boys who had not got rid of the taste of their mother's milk went about preaching.

However, he did preach, and Mr. Brown planted himself on the pulpit stairs.

Spurgeon read a lesson from Proverbs, and upon coming to the passage, "Gray hairs are a crown of glory to a man," he said he doubted that, for he knew a man with a gray head who could hardly be civil. But the passage went on to say: "If it be found in the way of righteousness," and that, he said, was a different thing.

When he came down from the pulpit, Mr. Brown said to him, "Bless your heart, I have been thirty years a minister, and I was never better pleased with a sermon; but you are the sauciest dog that ever barked in a pulpit," and they were always good friends afterward.

Canada as a Winter Resort.

"How shall I hope to describe what has been done to make Canada as a winter resort better known to all the world? The first snow-fall is an intoxicant. Boys go snow-mad. Montreal has a temporary insanity. The houses are prepared for the visit of King North Wind, and Canadians are the only people in the world who know how to keep warm outdoors as well as indoors. The streets are gay with life and laughter, and everybody seems determined to make the most of the great carnival. Business goes to the dogs. There is a mighty march of tourists and townspeople crunching over the crisp snow, and a constant jingle of sleigh-bells. If you go to any of the toboggan slides, you will witness a sight that thrills the onlooker as well as the tobogganist. The natural hills were formerly the only resort; but some one introduced the Russian idea of erecting a high wooden structure, up one side of which you drag your toboggan, and down the other side of which you fly like a rocket. These artificial slides are the most popular, as they are easier of ascent, and can be made so as to avoid *cahots*, or bumps.

"Within the last few years a score of regular toboggan clubs have been organized. Everybody has gone crazy on the subject, and men, women and children revel in the dashing flight. The hills are lit by torches stuck in the snow on each side of the track, and huge bonfires are kept burning, around which gather picturesque groups. Perhaps of all sports of the carnival this is the most generally enjoyed by visitors. Some of the slides are very steep and look dangerous, and the sensation of rushing down the hill on the thin strip of basswood is one never to be forgotten.

"How did you like it?" asked a Canadian girl of an American visitor whom she had steered down the steepest slide.

"Oh! I wouldn't have missed it for a hundred dollars!"

"You'll try it again, won't you?"

"Not for a thousand dollars!"

...EMENT IN ROCHESTER.

A ...ad Commotion Caused by that Re...ble Statement of a Physician.

The [illegible]ry published in these columns [illegible]ntly from the Rochester, (N. Y.) *Democrat*, created a deal of comment here, as it has elsewhere. Apparently it caused even more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr. J. B. Henion, who is well-known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days ago which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and rescue from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr. Henion at his residence on Andrews street, when the following interview occurred: "That article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. I was brought so low by neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull pains and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of kidney disease more than a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time in trying to relieve the headache, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"This, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one-half of the deaths that occur arise from Bright's disease, is it Doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of diseases are torturing people to-day, which in reality are Bright's disease in some of its many forms. It is a hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to everyone who has them. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of the same remedy. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also."

Mr. Warner was visited at his establishment on North St. Paul street. At first he was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly.

"It is true that Bright's disease had increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics, that from '70 to '80 its growth was over 250 per cent. Look at the prominent men it has carried off. Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven, Folger, Colfax and others. Nearly every week the papers record the death of some prominent man from this scourge. Recently, however, the increase has been checked and I attribute this to the general use of my remedy."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

A prominent professor in a New Orleans medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him and in a trembling voice he said: Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys.' And in less than a year he was dead. The slightest indications of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to anyone."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it?"

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"No more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means.'

"You believe then that Bright's disease can be cured."

"I know it can. I know it from my own and the experience of thousands of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this city pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proved true if I had not providentially used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Cure."

Dr. S. A. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did this analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him?"

"Yes. I have chemically analyzed it and find it pure and harmless."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The doctor was cured *four years ago* and *is well* and attending to his professional duties to-day. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr. Lattimore in the community is beyond question, and the statements they make, cannot for a moment be doubted. Dr. Henion's experience shows that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, and that it can be cured.

* * *

A POINT ABOUT WATERING.—When convenient, horses should be fed at short rather than at long intervals. The small size of the stomach precludes the horse from rapidly digesting a quantity of food sufficient to serve him for a long period. This applies with even greater force to watering. It is a very common practice to water horses only three times a day, the water being by some given before meals, and by others afterward. Whichever of these plans is adopted, the system is bad: but is worst when the latter method is adopted. For when the horse, with his small stomach already filled with food, injects a large quantity of water, a great portion of the food must be washed out into the intestines before the gastric juice has had time to act on it. And if it be the case that gastric juice is formed even in the fasting stomach, then watering before meals must wash away this juice into the intestine, where it is of no service. Horses should therefore have water at short intervals, and when practicable they should have free access to it in their mangers. When this is the case the horse drinks frequently, but never in quantities so great as practically to wash out his stomach.

POTASH FOR FRUIT TREES.—As illustrating the beneficial effects of potash upon the health of peach trees, Mr. J. Hale states that he applied to an orchard of 8500 trees at the rate of 800 pounds per acre, and that not more than one or two trees in the whole lot showed any signs of yellows, or any other disease, while of another orchard of 500 trees, to which potash has been applied, thirty per cent. are already dead. The statement was made at the winter meeting of the Board of Agriculture. Mr. J. B. Rogers of New Jersey, reported a similar experience with the use of potash in peach orchards. He, however, found that muriate of potash is much better than the sulphate for giving peaches a healthy growth. Prof. Jenkins of the Connecticut Experiment Station, found by the analysis of the wood of healthy and diseased trees, that the latter are deficient in ash constituents. Potash is a cheap fertilizer, and its use in all kinds of orchards should be extended until the ash of the virgin soil is restored.

LATE MULCHING: It is still a suitable time for mulching in the orchard and garden, even though quite a crust of frost has formed in the earth. Almost every kind of growth is benefitted by a protecting coat of manure, or other material over the roots to guard against heavy freezing. If manure is used it may be in such a state of decomposition that, while coarse enough to arrest and hold snow, yet by lying exposed to the elements until Spring it will readily spade in and serve as a fertilizer. All plant and trees are in a more or less active state throughout the winter and a protection to the roots promotes this activity, and by this means enables the parts above ground especially to bear severe cold and wind the easier.

TO EXAMINE A HORSE.—A good horse will always show well standing at rest. The man showing a horse for sale who keeps the animal constantly stopping about, to show off, is to be looked upon with suspicion. The time to examine a horse is when he is at rest. It is then that his weak points will be shown. If the horse "flies up" at some object on the ground, nearsightedness may be suspected. If brought suddenly into the light, from a dark stable, and the light oppresses him, his eyes are weak. His gait and speed should be tested by actual service. At rest, if the horse is sound, he will stand square on his limbs, without moving any of them, the feet being placed flat on the ground, and all his legs plump and naturally placed. If one foot be thrown forward, with the toe pointing to the ground and the heel raised, or if the foot be lifted from the ground, and the weight taken from it, disease or tenderness may be suspected.

IN old times the agriculture of Scotland was execrably bad. Hardly any wheat was attempted to be grown; oats full of thistles was the standing crop, and this was repeated on the greater part of arable land, while it would produce twice the amount of seed planted; few potatoes were raised: turnips were unknown and no grass seeds or clover were sown. All the manure accumulated on the farm was put on a small patch of ground near the house, where was raised a crop of barley, from which was made bannock-cakes, broth, small beer, and very often whiskey. Now the agriculture of Scotland is probably the best in the world. Beautiful fields of wheat, sown with the drill, are everywhere to be seen, lowlands have been drained, thistles no longer exist, turnips are raised in large quantities, unsightly marshes have been transformed into fertile fields, and barren hill-tops have been covered with thriving forests.

God created the coquette as soon as he had made the fool.

Joyfully Astonished.

Mr. James Brunt, Deputy Sheriff, Baltimore, Maryland, writes: In an experience of thirty years I have become acquainted with numerous so-called specifics for coughs and colds, but never before experienced such surprising efficacy as was obtained from the Red Star Cough Cure. I was attacked with a severe deep-seated cold and cough, I suffered for some time, and tried this valuable remedy. I was completely cured by the use of one bottle.

Nothing is so credulous as vanity, or so ignorant of what becomes itself.

The Record of the Fairs.

The superiority of Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color over all others made, is again demonstrated by its record at the Annual Fairs. The test of practical use is what tells the story, and the great value of the premiums given by the Agricultural Fairs, lies in the fact, that the judges in these cases are regular farmers, who know what their needs are and what will supply them. Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Color, which has taken first premium at all fairs where exhibited, is put up in a vegetable oil so prepared that it cannot become rancid, a most important property, the lack of which is fatal to so many of the Butter Colors offered for sale. It does not color the butter-milk, it imparts a bright natural color, which is unattained by many others; and being the strongest is the cheapest Color in the market.

We find beauty in itself a very poor thing unless beautified by sentiment.

ONE of my children, a girl about nine years old, had a very bad discharge from her head and nose of a thick, yellowish matter, and was growing worse. We had two different physicians prescribe for her, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and much to our surprise in three days there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was apparently cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

Outward service alone is of no value.

Lots of People

get bilious, have heavy headaches, mouth foul, yellow eyes, &c., all the direct result of impure blood which can be thoroughly cleansed, renewed and enriched with Kidney-Wort. It acts at the same time on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels and has more real virtue in a package than can be found in any other remedy for the same class of diseases.

Lost innocence returns no more.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility, in their various forms; also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya" made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal.

Into each life some rain must fall.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES for Coughs and Colds: "There is nothing to be compared with them."—*Rev. O. D. Watkins, Walton, Ind.*

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

Mothers

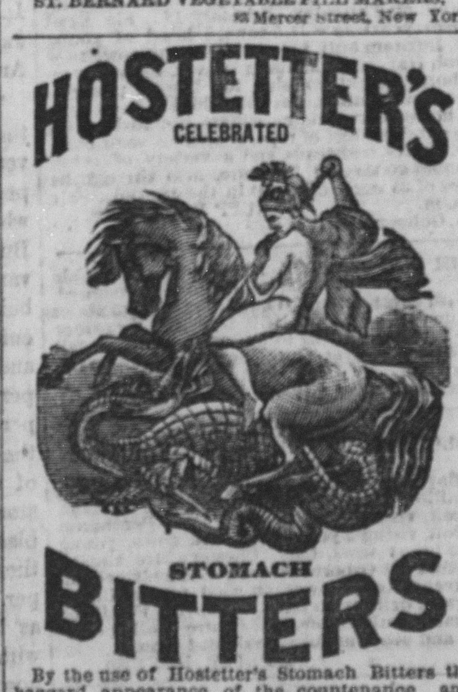
If you are failing; broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

One story is good till another's told.

FITS: All Fits stopped free. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A danger forseen is half avoided.

"St. Bernard VEGETABLE PILLS"
The best cure for LIVER and BILIOUS complaints, COSTIVENESS, HEADACHE and DYSPEPSIA. Price, 25 cents, at Druggists, or by mail. Samples sent FREE. Address
ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILL MAKERS,
53 Mercer street, New York



By the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters the haggard appearance of the countenance and sallowness of dyspeptics are supplanted by a healthier look, and as the food is assimilated, the body acquires substance. Appetite is restored, and the nervous system refreshed with much needed slumber, through the use of this medicine, which is also beneficial to persons of a rheumatic tendency, and an inestimable preventive of fever and ague.
For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.
5 406

VARICOCELE
or Wormy Veins of the Scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of Lost Manhood, Debility, &c., quickly and painlessly cured by the Elastic Cradle-Compressor, $6. Close-fitting. Circular Free. CIVIALE REMEDIAL AGENCY, 160 Fulton St., New York.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR
All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.
Price $1 in liquid, pill or lozenge form.
Its purpose is solely for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does all it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.
It will cure entirely all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
Send stamp to Lynn, Mass., for pamphlet. Letters of inquiry confidentially answered. For sale at druggists.

VARICOCELE Painless sure cure. Book free. Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., N. Y.

A Prize in the Lottery.

of life which is usually unappreciated until it is lost, perhaps never to return, is health. What a priceless boon it is, and how we ought to cherish it, that life may not be a worthless blank to us. Many of the diseases that life is heir to, and which make life burdensome, such as consumption (scrofula of the lungs) and other scrofulous and blood diseases, find a complete cure in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" when all other remedies have failed. Dr. Pierce's pamphlet on consumption mailed for two stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

War is death's feast.

"All Men Are Liars."

said David of old. He was probably prompted to make the above remark after trying some unreliable catarrh remedy. Had he been permitted to live until the present day, and tried Dr. Sage's Remedy, he might have had a better opinion of mankind. We claim that no case of catarrh can withstand the magic effects of this wonderful medicine. One trial of it will convince you of its efficacy. By druggists; fifty cents.

THE Japanese are very precise and correct, as a rule, in their pronunciation of English, as they learn more or less like parrots. One day a man went into the Hiogo telegraph office with a message to be sent to Osaka.

The polite Jap took it from him, looked blandly over it, and then said:

"You—cannot—send—this—message—to-day."

"Why?"

"The—gentleman—who—takes—charge—of—the—telegraph—office—is—drunk."

"Indeed! Is he very often taken like that?"

"He—is—very—frequently—drunk."

"Well, what am I to do?"

"Is—you—will—leave—your—address—I—will—send—and—tell—you—when—he—is—sober."

* * * * Delicate diseases of either sex, however induced, speedily and permantly cured. Consultation free. Book three (3ct.) stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Denying a fault doubles it.

Lovett's Guide to Fruit Culture.

This is undoubtedly one of the best and most useful publications issued by nurserymen in this country. It is really a valuable work on Horticulture, giving full instructions for planting, pruning, culture and management of fruits of all kinds, and impartial descriptions of all worthy varieties. It is a book of over 70 pages, with an illuminated cover, elegantly printed and embellished with hundreds of engravings and several colored plates true to nature. Price, with colored plates, 10 cts.; without plates, 5 cts. Everybody at all interested in fruit culture should send to T. J. Lovett, Little Silver, New Jersey, and get a copy.

Step after step the ladder is ascended.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save baggage expressage and $3 carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot.

600 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city

Scorn to do a mean act.

THE CHILDREN'S HEALTH must not be neglected. Colds in the Head and snuffles bring on Catarrh and throat and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied with the finger. It also cures Catarrh and Hay Fever, the worst cases yielding to it in a short time. Sold by druggists. 50 cents. Ely Bros., Owego, N. Y.

Wounds given to honor never heal.

KEEP IN THE FASHION.—The Diamond Dyes always do more than they claim to do. Color over that old dress. It will look like new. They are warranted. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

To resist evil by evil is evil.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility. $1.

Too many broths spoil the cook.

A Barberous Rhyme.

Lather me lightly and speak to me low,
Oh, interrogative barber mine;
And I will forgive if to make my hair grow,
You use magic Carboline.

Spare the child and spoil the rod.

THE BOTTLE of Ely's Cream Balm that I obtained of you last summer has entirely cured my little boy of a severe attack of catarrh.—Mrs. Sallie Davis, Green Postoffice, Ala.

Where there's a way there's a will.

"Rough on Pain."

Cures colic, cramps, diarrhœa; externally for aches, pains, sprains, headache, neuralgia, rheumatism. For man or beast. 20 and 50c.

ONE day when Uncle Daniel Drew was in the zenith of his power, so to say, a gentleman stopped him on the street and said:

"Mr. Drew, I believe you are a Christian man?"

"Well, y-e-s," answered the speculator

"Then I ask you to do the right thing by me. A month ago I sold you some Blank & Blank railroad stock at 38. In two weeks it jumped to 60. It is only fair that you should present me with at least $1,000."

"My Christian friend," replied Uncle Daniel, with a lonesome squint in his left eye, "I remember that transaction. Next day after buying the bonds I concluded that I had made a fool of myself, and resold for 35. Let us embrace and console each other and divide my loss between us."

"Rough on Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

Craft bringeth nothing home.

DYSPEPSIA
Does not get well of itself; it requires careful, persistent attention and a remedy that will assist nature to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Mrs. Bosworth, of Amherst, N. H., after trying many "sure cures" without benefit, found that
Hood's Sarsaparilla
hit the nail on the head and restored her to health. Among the agonies experienced by the dyspeptic, are distress before or after eating, loss of appetite, irregularities of the bowels, wind or gas and pain in the stomach, heart-burn, sour stomach, &c., causing mental depression, nervous irritability and sleeplessness. If you are discouraged be of good cheer and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured hundreds, it will cure you if you give it a fair chance. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass. Price $1.00.

AGENTS WANTED for the most popular & easiest selling book ever published, "TWENTY YEARS OF CONGRESS" —1861-1881— by James G. Blaine. Hon. J. S. Wise, M. C., from Va., says: "*Whoever takes it up no matter whether he be Mr. Blaine's friend or enemy, will never put it down until he has read the whole.*" Agents make from $200 to $1,000 per month. Over 6,000 agents already employed. Send for our very liberal terms. Address, THE HENRY BILL PUB. CO., Norwich, Conn.

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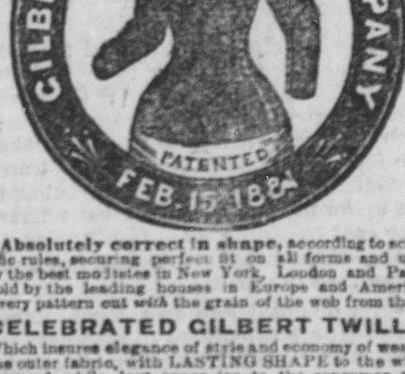

Absolutely correct in shape, according to scientific rules, securing perfect fit on all forms and used by the best modistes in New York, London and Paris. Sold by the leading houses in Europe and America. Every pattern cut with the grain of the web from the
CELEBRATED GILBERT TWILLS,
Which insures elegance of style and economy of wear to the outer fabric, with LASTING SHAPE to the whole garment, while less expensive to the consumer than the material alone would be by the old way. They are the very latest improvement in fashionable, convenient and economic dressing for ladies of taste in any station. Ask your merchant for them. Genuine only when bearing above seal. Examine carefully in purchasing and
Beware of Worthless Imitations.

WORMS
In the human body ERADICATED by using CLARK'S INFALLIBLE WORM SYRUP!
An old-time remedy. Safe and effectual in its action. Price 25 cents a bottle.
FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

FITS STOPPED FREE
Marvelous success.
Insane Persons Restored
Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER
for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. *Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc.* INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. *No Fits after first day's use.* Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. *BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.*

R. U. AWARE
THAT
Lorillard's Climax Plug
bearing a *red tin tag*; that Lorillard's Rose Leaf fine cut; that Lorillard's Navy Clippings, and that Lorillard's Snuffs, are the best and cheapest, quality considered?

DR. LINQUIST'S
Spinal Misses' Waist,.....$1 75
Spinal Corset,............ 2 00
Spinal Nursing Corset,... 2 25
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Recommended by leading physicians, delivered free anywhere in the U. S. on receipt of price. Lady Agents Wanted.
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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO. Charlestown, Mass.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

RED STAR
19 TRADE RED STAR MARK
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
A PROMPT, SAFE, SURE CURE
For Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Influenza, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Quinsy, Pains in Chest, and other affections of the Throat and Lungs.
Price 50 cents a bottle. Sold by Druggists and Dealers. *Parties unable to induce their dealer to promptly get it for them will receive two bottles, Express charges paid, by sending one dollar to*
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY,
Sole Owners and Manufacturers,
Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A.

Thirty-seventh Annual Statement
OF THE

PENN MUTUAL LIFE

INSURANCE CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, January 1, 1884.		$8,406,379 48
Receipts during the year:		
For Premiums,	$1,647,215 99	
For Interest, etc.,	497,958 03	2,145,174 02
		$10,551,553 50
DISBURSEMENTS.		
Claims by Death,	$497,666 19	
Matured Endowments,	4[illegible],523 00	
Surrendered Policies,	135,138 82	
Cash and Note Dividends,	363,192 55	
Re-insurance;	4,902 45	
Total paid Policy-holders.	**$1,042,423 01**	
Taxes and Legal Expenses,	$54,005 65	
Salaries, Medical Fees and Office Expenses,	88,158 21	
Commissions to Agents Rents, etc.,	130,968 54	
Agency and other expenses	[illegible],353 92	
Advertising, Printing, Supplies,	17,838 55	
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, etc.,	3,475 48	1,417,222 36
Net Assets, January 1, 1885,		$9,134,339 14
ASSETS.		
City Loans, Railroad, and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks,		$4,590,821 75
Mortgages and Ground Rents,		2,185,053 17
Premium Notes Secured by Policies, etc.,		671,818 26
Loans on Collateral, etc.,		599,050 01
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans,		860,637 69
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand.		216,949 26
Net Ledger Assets as above		**$9,134,339 14**
Net deferred and Unreported Premiums,		164,560 75
Interest due and accrued, etc.,		45,101 12
Market Value of Stocks, Bonds, etc., and Real Estate over cost,		319,892 25
Gross Assetts, Jan 1 1885.		**$9,663,884 26**
LIABILITIES.		
Losses reported, but not due,	$133,831 07	
Reserve at 4 per cent to re-insure risks,	[illegible],054,248 00	
Surplus on Life Rate Endowments and Unreported Policies, etc.,	170,592 85	
Surplus, 4 per cent. basis.	1,305,212 34	
		$9,663,884 26
Surplus at 4 1-2 per cent., Pennsylvania Standard. (Estimated.)		**$1,812,369 34**

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President.
EDWARD M. NEEDLES, Vice-President.
H. S. STEPHENS, SECOND Vice-President.
HENRY C. BROWN, Secretary.
JESSE J. BARKER, Actuary.

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216 New Scrap Pictures, 10c. Book Co., Nassau, N.Y.

3 NEW GAMES
Improved Geographical Cards,
Improved Historical Cards.
Each of these games consists of 200 cards with full directions, in handsome box. In addition to forming an intensely interesting game, any one can, by their use, in a short time and without effort permanently acquire all the leading facts of Geography and History.
THE GAME OF MYTHOLOGY
Designed to enable persons to become familiar with the principal characters of Mythology in an interesting and easy way. Price, $1.00 each, post-paid, or the three by express, prepaid, for $2.50. Send for Descriptive Circulars.
PETER G. THOMSON, Cincinnati, O.

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

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BLAINE AND LOGAN
By Col. THOS. W. KNOX. Outsells all others 10 to 1. Authorized, Authentic, Impartial. Complete, the Best and Cheapest. 500 pages $1.50. Sells like wildfire. 50 per cent. to Agents. Outfit Free. Freights paid. Send for Extra Terms, etc., to HARTFORD PUBLISHING CO., Hartford, Conn.

WE WANT 1000 BOOK AGENTS for the new book THIRTY-THREE YEARS AMONG
OUR WILD INDIANS
By Gen. DODGE and Gen. SHERMAN. The fastest selling book out. Indorsed by Pres't Arthur, Gen'l Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and thousands of Eminent Judges, Clergymen, Editors, etc., as "*The Best and Finest Illustrated Indian Book Ever Published.*" It takes like wildfire, and Agents sell 10 to 20 a day. 75,000 sold. Its *Great Authorship and Solid Merit make it the booming book for Agents.* Send for Circulars, Specimen Plate, *Extra Terms*, etc., to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

RUPTURE Cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, the successful specialist. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business; tested by hundreds of cures. 831 Arch St., Phila. Send for circular. Advice free.

Guizot's CELEBRATED ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF France

REDUCED IN COST from $33.00 to $8.00, or comparing contents fairly, from $49.50 to $8.00, for the only other American edition of GUIZOT comes down *TO The French Revolution*, only, and is continued to Napoleon III. by MARTIN, and $49.50 is the published price of the two works. *THIS ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY EDITION* covers from the earliest times to 1848, is written by M. GUIZOT, Prime Minister of France, and completed from his notes by his daughter, Madame GUIZOT DE WITT. It is published in 8 volumes, small octavo, printed from the type shown by these lines, contains the 426 *Illustrations*, mostly full-page, of the imported edition, is bound in tasteful Library style, dark green cloth, beveled boards, gilt tops. Price of the set, *only* $8.00 by express, or, sent *prepaid* for $9.60.

"*There is only ONE DRAWBACK. . .* it seems more like *getting a present* than making a purchase. Guizot is the most brilliant of French historians, as well as the most to be relied upon. He is the Macaulay of the history of France; his style and treatment are philosophical, didactic, rich in detail, dramatic in arrangement. His narrative is full of emotion, like a quick stream; his characters rise before us as in the flesh; they are men and women, not historic lay figures. It is as charming as any romance, and the interest is permanent. It is a work to keep and read and re-read for years."—*Dominion Churchman*, Toronto, Canada.

"*In ENGLISH*, at least, original or translated, we have *NO WORK* of French history that *CAN APPROACH IT.* We can name no work that gives the complete history, and gives it from the pen of a master, that can be thought of as a rival to the mammoth production of Guizot. How Mr. Alden can give the eight volumes, and this on good paper, and clear type, including the multitude of illustrations, is a thing we *have CIPHERED over*, but we *fail to understand it.* The first volume gives substantially the beginnings of French history. It is of necessity the dullest of the eight, yet *with Guizot even logarithms would be readable.*"—*Christian Leader*, Boston, Mass.

"*The MARVELOUS CHEAPNESS* of these profusely illustrated and handsomely bound volumes must provoke comment everywhere. Each volume is *easily worth $2.00*, according to the standard of prices asked. This is the only complete American edition of this work, which is known as the best popular history of France."—*Journal*, Indianapolis, Ind.

"In the reproduction of this work the publisher has outdone all previous efforts, and has given us a *MARVEL of EXCELLENCE*, in every respect, at a marvel of cheapness."—*Christian at Work*, New York.

Hundred-Page Catalogue, free, descriptive of the best books of the world, at the lowest prices ever known, together with terms upon which books are sent *for examination before payment*, to any one on application. Address, and make checks, drafts, or money orders, payable to JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher,
P. O. Box, 1227. 393 Pearl Street, New York.

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This Coupon, together with $7.50 in cash, will be received, if sent within 10 days from the date of paper in which it appears (mention name of paper), in full payment for GUIZOT'S FRANCE above described. This small extra inducement is simply to secure your prompt response, and indicate the advertising mediums from which responses come.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., FEB. 4, 1885.

TERMS.—$2 per year in advance. $2.50 when not in advance. Advertisements 2 cents per line for three insertions. One colum per year $90—½ colum $45.

☞Hereafter all subscribers paying their subscription in advance, will get a credit of two months additional as a premium on $2 in advance.

18

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Either Useful or Beautiful,

AT G. R. SPIGELMYER'S

---SUPPLY DEPOT,---

SPRING MILLS, PA.,

——You can travel a day and——
——not find a nicer, cleaner, or——
——more complete stock. ——
——Prices talk for themselves.——

Garmans.

Owing to the craze this season of Art Needle Work our stock is unusually complete in that department.

Many new ornaments—Silver Banner Rods are the very latest. Handsome little Crescents, both plain and with Stars and Bangles. We can camplete any piece of work you may have on the frame.

One of our latest stamping patterns is a Spider Web; for working it they use Gold Thread or Tinsel Cord, it is decidedly pretty and entirely new. A little Thermometer adds to the effect, yet very liltle to the cost.

We have eight shades in Felt. For trimmings we have Felt in Light Blue, Light Old Gold, Cadet Blue, &c.

Don't forget that our line of Yarns is complete. Plushes in all the fancy shades. Many new styles in Prints, and many new pieces af Ginghams are in. Wait for our line of Dress Goods before you make your purchase.

D. GARMAN & SON.

BUSH'S ARCADE. *Bellefonte*, 1884.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Robert Ross is here on a visit from Missouri.

——Millheim has a musical festival this week, under Prof. P. H. Meyer.

——Wm. Luse, one of Farmer's Mills active young men, gave the "Reporter" a call.

——Centre Hall, like many other towns, has a good many frozen hydrants.

——Mr. Reiter, of Tusseyville, gave the "Reporter" a call. He is an old line Democrat.

——Mr. Jacob Lee, of near Tusseyville, will quit farming. His sale is advertised in Reporter.

——A number of our young folks had a sleighing party to Milesburg one night last week.

——Our town may have the electric light by next fall. The project is in serious contemplation.

——Machinery for the new roller mill has already arrived. The building will go up in a few weeks.

——Mr. John Long, of Gregg, will quit farming. His sale will be found advertised in Reporter.

——Mrs. Mater, of Boalsburg, intending to move to Mifflinburg, advertises her sale in the "Reporter."

——Mr. Orris M'Cormick, of near this place, has made up his mind to go west. His sale is advertised in Reporter.

——Hauling stones to buildings going up at the station has kept teams in employ all winter, and is likely to continue.

——Our Much esteemed friend, Mr. Geo. Spyker, of Mifflinburg, gave the "Reporter" a pop visit, the other day.

——Jacob Smith, of near Tusseyville, killed the boss hog of this winter. His grunter weighed 545 pounds dressed.

——Mr. Mater in company with Mr. Russel, two spry and good looking young men of Boalsburg, favored us with a call.

——Mr. Frederick Weaver, living near Aaronsburg, of whose illness we made mention last week, has since died—age, 82 years.

——Mr. Geo. Breon, an old citizen of Gregg, died at the residence of his son Jacob, in Penn twp., on 8. His age was 83 years.

——Mr. Stem, a brother of Mrs. Michael Derstine, is here on a visit to friends. Mr. S. lives away off in Washington territory.

——Persons who wish to put in bids for the new Lutheran church to be erected at Centre Hall can now do so. See adv. in Reporter.

Hicks & Buck, foundry and machine shops and dealers in agricultural implements, at Bellefonte, are also sole agents for CHAMPION and OSBORNE repairs. 4t

——The ground is frozen to a depth of 2½ and 3 feet on the level. This is unusual and shows the rigor of the present winter. It is a good freeze for the coal dealers.

——Sales advertised in REPORTER are read in almost every family in the valley. Send your orders by mail and they will receive prompt attention and at low prices.

——Mr. B. F. Yearick, of Spring Mills, has concluded to quit farming and has advertised his valuable farm stock at public sale in the "Reporter."

——Auctioneer Jas. N. Leitzel, of Spring Mills, is having some heavy sales on hand—but he has a stout pair of lungs and will put 'em through.

——The pipe for the enlarged main and extension of the Centre Hall water works have arrived. Work will begin as soon as the ground is in order for digging.

——Rev. Sarvis still has the revival going on in the M. E. Church of this place. On Sunday evening the attendance was so large that many could not get in the church.

——If any of our present subscribers will club with a new one, both can get the Reporter and the New York Weekly World for $2 25 each, one year, pay in advance. 3m

——Rev. J. K. Miller and Son have a 40,000 railroad tie job in Nippanose, and will run two engines to fill the order. Hope they will make handsomely by it, as they are gentlemen of strict integrity.

☐ —Every body talks of going to Cleveland's inauguration. It is perfectly right to go, but don't do it without getting a suit at the Philad. Branch, if you want to look like somebody when in the crowd.

——Monday morning early it began to snow and continued to fall thick and fast until noon, when the depth of snow reached near fifteen inches. This is more than all the other snows together which fell previously this winter.

——Go to the Philad, Branch quickly if you want a suit of clothes for a mere song—they are selling off at about cost, some for less than cost. You can get an overcoat that will last five years, for $5, and a suit for from $6 to $15, good enough to go to New Orleans in.

——A requisition has been made by Governor Pattison for P. H. Stover, of Coburn, who is charged with fraudulently making and indorsing written instruments and altering the same. He fled about February 1, 1884, to avoid arrest and is believed to be at Gunnison City, Colorado.

——Several weeks ago we sent out bills to persons in arrears, and a few have responded—some by paying part due others all. We thank them for their promptness. The many who have overlooked these requests will also have our thanks by responding to notices to be sent again shortly. Bear this in mind, friends.

——The mill foundation is nearly completed and the carpenters will shortly have the frame work of the 1st story in its place. Mr. D. Brisbin superintends the lumber supply and Adam Thomas has the contract for carpenter work. The lumber is from Wolf & Grove's mill, and is admired by all for its elegance in sawing as well as quality.

——HONORED.—At the encampment of the Boys in Blue, at Harrisburg, last week, our friend Austin Curtin, was elected commander. The vote stood, Austin Curtin, 524, A. J. Sellers, 161.

The representatives present from Centre Hall Post were Wm. J. Thompson, Dr. W. A. Jacobs, George M. Boal and John Odenkirk.

——The luckiest fellows during the late cold spell were those who took the advice of the "Reporter" and bought one of those warm cheap overcoats at the Philad. Branch. None of these suffered a bit, while the others shivered and trembled and are now down with a cold and have a doctor bill three times the price of an overcoat staring them in the face.

——The last chance for a good suit, or good warm overcoat is now to be had at the Philad. Branch. Lewins & Co have put down prices to the last copper in order to close out winter stock and make room for spring suits. Now is the time to get clothing low—buy an overcoat and lay it up for next winter, you save near 50 per cent by doing so. Don't miss a bargain—these goods are going fast and the first take the prize.

— We do not desire any local notes sent in that are calculated to be personal flings. Such can not always be detected, because the drift is only known in the localities where they apply. We desire our correspondets and informants to give notes of accidents, improvements, deaths, marriages, and events that interest the reader in general. It is not necessary to notice every sneeze or that Miss So and So went out walking or such like trifles.

——Sechlers & Co. have granulated sugar at 8c a pound, all other grades at lowest prices. Syrups, molasses, finest New Orleans at 80c per gallon. Fine assortment of coffees, both green and roasted. Our roasted coffees are always fresh. All the new and desirable brands of tobacco. Special attention given to our cigar trade. We try to sell the best 2 for 5c and 5c cigars in the town. Tea—Young Hyson, 60c, 80c, and $1 per lb.; Imperial, 60c, 80c, $1; Gunpowder from 60c to $1 per lb; Oolong 60c to $1 per lb.; Mixed green and black from 60c to $1 per lb.; a very fine colored Japan tea; also a good bargain in Young Hyson at 40c per pound. Finest full cream cheese at 16c per lb. As Baking Powder is coming into such general use, it is important to find which are the best value for the price charged. Our one pound pails of Baker's Baking Powder we think the best return for the money of any brand on the market. The goods will do the same work as any of the higher priced goods. Stone-ware in all sizes of all desirable shapes; best quality of Akron ware. This is the most satisfactory goods in the market. Oranges and lemons of the freshest goods. We have the new lightning fruit jar, and Mason's porcelain-lined and glass top jars. The lightning jar is far ahead of anything yet known. It is a little higher in price than the Mason jar, but it is worth more than the difference in price. Buy the lightning jar and you will not regret it. We have them in pints, quarts and half gallons. Fine sugar cured hams, shoulders, breakfast bacon and dried beef—naked and canvased. We guarantee every piece of meat we sell. We have fifty fine lambs in good pasture to dress for our market as wanted. We give special attention to getting fine lambs, and always try to have a fine flock ahead. Our customers can depend on getting nice lamb at all times. SECHLER & Co, Bush House Block, Bellefonte,

TAKE NOTICE OF THIS SPLENDID BARGAIN.—The "New York Weekly World," one of the best weeklies in the United States, by special arrangement with the World publishers, can be had very low by clubbing with the "Reporter." Two new names, clubbing for the "Reporter," will each get the two papers, the "World" and the "Reporter" one year, cash in advance, for $2.25, the regular price for the two being $3. Subscribers to the "Reporter" can have the "World" and "Reporter" for $2.50, in advance, or for $2.25 when clubbing with two new names.

ST. ELMO HOTEL,

No. 317 & 319 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

Reduced rates to $2.00 per day. The traveling public will still find at this Hotel the same liberal provision for their comfort. It is located in the immediate centres of business and places of amusement and different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city, are easily accessible by Street Cars constantly passing the doors. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure.

Your patronage respectfully solicited.

JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor.

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FROM KANSAS.

PLEASANT VALLEY, Kas, Feb. 3.

MR. EDITOR!—Allow me a little space in your columns to give a few hints from from Kansas. In reading your paper I seldom see any thing from Kansas, or at least from this part of the state. Well, yesterday was ground-hog day, and I do not know how it was in Penn'a, but here she could have seen her shadow from morning until night; we had a nice warm sunshine day, but according to the old prophesy we will have another winter before spring comes, but we would all be ready to say enough for we have had unusually cold weather this winter. Had a great deal of snow, but is now nearly all gone, and it looks very much like spring. The grain on the fields looks very promising, and if nothing happens we will have another good crop this year; last year we had an immense crop of all kinds grain—so much that we did not know what to do with it, and thousands of bushels went to waste on account of continual wet weather; Kansas is sometimes very wet. There is a great deal of grain to thresh yet, and farmers are busy marketing grain notwithstanding the very low price. Best wheat at 65 cents per bushel, rye 35 cents, oats 25 cents, corn 20 cents, barley 30 cents. Kansas land is in great demand, and has greatly advanced in value in the last nine months; thousands of men are coming with their families from all parts of the world to seek homes and yet there is room for more. We have soil to raise all kinds of grain and vegetables that is unsurpassed any where, and land is cheap yet. Men with small means may secure for themselves a home who never could get one in the east, and I am glad to see so many of our eastern people coming this way, we need them to make use of the rich and uncultivated soil. Lincoln Centre, our county seat is improving very fast; dozens of houses are going up at present to be occupied by some eastern emigrants. Lots of farms are for sale and lots for rent at good terms. By the way I would like to have two industrious farmers go on two choice farms, 160 acres each, close to the county-seat and the best of chances will be given. If there are any desiring such chances, they can write to me. Lest I weary you I must close. P. B. STOVER.

——John Hoffer advertises in "Reporter" sale of valuable farm stock at Reasner's, near Old Fort.

——Any wanting wagons or implements read adv. of G. W. Nicely, Williamsport, in "Reporter."

——Miss Mazie Hillbish, of Rebersburg, having lately returned from a western trip, is visiting friends at this place.

——Dreisbach's hardware store, Lewisburg, offers extra inducements to the Centre county trade. Read ad. in "Reporter."

——Wm. F. Jordan writes from Harshyville, Ohio, of a true blue Democrat, McKee Alexander, who canned some peaches during Buchanan's administration which he has kept and will not open until the air is pure, meaning until the government falls into Democratic hands again. Mr. Jordan further writes: We had quite a storm last night, 8th, lightning and thunder for over two hours.

If you want the two papers, the REPORTER and the "New York Weekly World." for one year at $2.25, you can have the two by sending us the $2.25 in advance and a new name with $2.25, to which the two papers will also be sent. This is a big bargain, and we are only able to carry it out upon the above plan. tf

——Rev. A. S. Baumgardner will deliver his new popular lecture in the Evangelical church, Centre Hall, Monday evening, Feb. 23, subject, "Tie up that Ox," or, "What shall we do with the Liquor Traffic?" Mr. Baumgardner comes here highly recommended, and deserves a hearing on a subject demanding universal attention. We hope the good citizens will avail themselves of the opportunity of being highly entertained and profited. Give him a full house.

"Nov. 8, '84, Rev. A. S. Baumgardner delivered his famous lecture in the Luth. church to a large audience. His lecture abounds in sound logic, and just enough humor to make it spicy. He instructs and pleases every one."—Somerset *Times.*

DIED.

On February 3, at Rebersburg, Mr. James Stover, aged 72 years, 3 months, 9 days.

On February 6, at Millheim, John Tomlinson, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Breon, aged 5 months, 14 days.

On February 8, in Penn twp., Mr. Geo. Breon aged 81 years, 5 months, 7 days.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents a box. For sale by all druggists. jan7y

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER.

To All Wanting Employment.

We want live, energetic and capable agents in every county in the United States and Canada, to sell a patent article of great merit, on its merits. An article having a large sale, paying over 100 per cent. profit, having no competition, and on which the agent is protected in the exclusive sale by a deed given for each and every county he may secure from us. With all these advantages, and the fact that it is an article that can be sold to every houseowner, it might not be necessary to make an "extraordinary offer" to secure good agents at once, but we have concluded to make it to show, not only our confidence in the merits of our invention, but in its salability by any agent that will handle it with energy. Our agents now at work are making from 150 to 600 a month clear, and this fact makes it safe for us to make our offer to all who are out of employment. Any agent that will give our business a thirty days' trial and fail to clear at least 100 in this time, above all expenses, can return all goods unsold to us and we will refund the money paid for them. Any agent or general agent who would like to have ten or more counties and work them through sub-agents for ninety days, and fail to clear at least 750 above all expenses, can return all unsold and get their money back. No other employer of agents ever dared to make such offers, nor would we if we did not have agents now making double the amount we guarantee, and but two sales a day would give a profit of over $125 a month, and that one of our agents took 18 orders in one day. Our large descriptive circular explains our offer fully, and these we wish to send to every one out of employment who will send us three one cent stamps for postage. Send at once and secure the agency in time for the boom, and go work on the terms named in our extraordinary offer. We would like to have the address of all the agents, sewing machine solicitors and carpenters in the country, and ask any reader of this paper who reads this offer, to send us at once the name and address of all such they know. Address at once, or you will lose the best chance ever offered to those out of employment to make money.

RENNER MANUFACTURING CO.

21jan2m 100 Smithfield St., Pittsburg, Pa.

BIBLES! BIBLES!—Persons wanting a Bible, from $5 up to $18.50—the best and only edition of the kind printed in the state, should hold up their orders for Michael Zeigler, of Millheim, who is canvassing this county. tf

CHURCH LETTING.—Proposals for building a brick church, at Centre Hall, will be received until February 28. Plans and specifications are now ready and can be seen by application to the Committee. The committee reserve the right to refuse any or all bids.

FRED'K KURTZ, Chairman, JNO. SPANGLER, M. DERSTINE, JAS. ALEXANDER, J. T. LEE, Lutheran Ch. Building Com.
REV. W. E. FISCHER, Secretary.

Sale March 10.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Centre Hall, Tuesday, March 10: Three head of horses, 1 yearling colt, 3 cows, 3 head young cattle, 1 bull, 4 breeding sows, 2 shoats, 3 pigs, Canadian ram, Champion binder, new; combined Buckeye reaper and mower, 4-horse broad-wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, 2-horse spring wagon, top buggy, long sled, cutter, graindrill, horse rake, Champion and a Centre Hall cornplanter, 2-horse Buckeye cultivator, 2 1-horse cultivators, 2-horse cultivator, landroller, plows, harrows, single and double driving harness, set tug harness, cruppers, plow gears, bridles, collars, forks, rakes, double fifth chain, all other chains, double and single trees, 4-horse wagon bed, 2 set hay ladders, grindstone, digging iron, picks, hoes, shovels, 2 grain cradles, 2 mowing sythes, new hay fork, rope and pulley, household goods, stoves, chairs, tables, cupboards, sinks, bedsteads, iron kettle, cross cut saw, carpenter tools, and many other articles. Also, Three-fifths share of 32 Acres of GRAIN in ground. Sale at 10 o'clock. J. O. M'CORMICK.

Sale March 12.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Potters Mills, Thursday, March 12: Three work horses, 2 cows, 2 year old bull, 6 head young cattle, 11 head of sheep, shoats, 2 2-horse wagons, one just new; 2-horse sled, family sled, combined mower and reaper, grain drill, hayrake, fanning mill, cornsheller, corn planter, corn scraper, 2 cultivators, plows, harrow, 100 feet of hay rope, pulleys and double harpoon, lightning hay knife, forks, rakes, 2 grain cradles, large dinner bell, single harness, horse gears, flynets, cross cut saw, post auger, post digger, double and single trees, chains of all kinds, household goods, base burner coal stove, settee, rocking chair, dining table, and many other articles. Sale at 12 o'clock.
D. R. Sweetwood, Auct. W. W ROYER.

Sale March 19.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Spring Mills, Thursday, March 19: Four head of horses, 2 year old colt, 5 milk cows, Champion reaper and mower, Willoughby Drill, Centre Hall cornplanter, roller, hayrake, cultivators, windmill, cornscraper, two harrows, plow, 2-horse wagon, 4-horse broad wheel wagon, easy running, harness of all kinds, double set harness, collars, bridles, flynets, logchain, fifth chain, and other chains, dinner bell, rakes, forks, and other articles. Sale at 12 o'clock sharp.
J. N. Leitzel, Auct. B. F. YEARICK.

Sale March 14.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, at Boalsburg, Saturday, March 14: One horse, lot of castings, plow-points of all kinds, 2 plows complete, buggy, spring wagon, cutter, sleigh, new bob sled, harness, landsides, lot of sled soles, fan blower, household goods, cooking stove No. 9, parlor stove, sink, ½ dozen chairs, 2 bedsteads, tables, chairs, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock.
Wm. Goheen, Auct. MARY A. MATER.

Sale Feb. 28.

PUBLIC SALE OF HOUSE AND LOT.—By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned will offer at public sale at Potters Mills, Saturday, February 28, at 1 p. m., the following real estate of Dr. A. S. Weaver, deceased, consisting of a lot of ground bounded by John McCoy, W. J. Thompson, Jacob Breon, and the turnpike, containing One Acre, more or less, thereon erected a House, Office and Stable, and other outbuildings, all good as new, with good fruit and a well of water on the premises.

Terms—One-third cash, two per cent of which shall be paid on day of sale; one-third in one year and the balance in two years, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises, and the property to be insured for the benefit of the Administrator. W. J. THOMPSON, Administrator.

Sale Feb. 28.

PUBLIC SALE.—By virtue of an order issued by the Court of Common Pleas to the undersigned, there will be offered at public sale, at the public house of H. S. Shafer, at Spring Mills, Saturday, Feb. 28, at 1 p. m., the following real estate of Elizabeth Jamison: A tract of land in Gregg twp., bounded by lands of heirs of Adam Jamison, Fred Zettle, Geo. Breon, S. Harter, Jacob McCool and Jas. G. Evans, containing 25 Acres and 108 perches, neat measure, of which 4 Acres are clear, balance well timbered with chestnut, rock oak and other timber.

Also, a tract of land situate in said township, bounded by lands of John Borell, and lands formerly of Geo. Withington and John A. Confer, containing 3 Acres and 55 perches, all clear and in a high state of cultivation.

Also, another tract of land situate in said township, bounded by lands formerly of George Boal, Geo. Gentzel, Hiram Cain and John Borell, containing 6 Acres, all clear and in a high state of cultivation, thereon a House and Barn, necessary outbuildings, orchard of choice fruit, and a well of never failing water at the door.

Terms.—Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid cash; one-half of balance when deed is delivered; remainder in one year, with interest, to be secured by bond and mortgage on the premises. T. B JAMISON, Committee.

Sale March 17.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, two miles west of Potters Mills, on Tuesday, March 17, at 12 o'clock: Four head of horses, 2 2-years old and 1 1-year old colts, 6 milk cows, Jersey bull two years old, 12 head of young cattle, 28 head sheep, 2 sows with pig, Berkshire boar, six shoats, Johnson Harvester good as new, Johnson Mower, hay fork, rope and pulleys, fanning mill, broad wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, horse rake, sulkey cultivators, two South Bend plows, horse roller, set tug harness, set cruppers, set of double harness, collars, bridles, halters, double and single trees, forks, shovels, etc. A reasonable credit will be given. H. C. SHIRK.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, 1½ miles east of Linden Hall, on Thursday, February 19: Six head of horses, yearling colt, 5 cows, 5 head of young cattle, Durham bull, 8 shoats, breeding sow, new Johnson Harvester, Johnson Mower, 4-horse wagon, 2-horse wagon, bob sled, top buggy, ploughs, harrows, cultivators, hay rake, double and single trees, horse gears, bridles, collars, hay fork, with pulleys and 100 feet of rope, 20 bushels seed corn, tables, chairs, bedsteads, and a variety of other household goods and furniture, also three-fifths interest of 35 acres of wheat in the ground. Sale at 10 a. m. RUPP BROTHERS.
Wm. Goheen, Auct.

FARM FOR SALE OR RENT.—The valuable farm of the undersigned, about 100 acres, and good buildings, situate about one mile east of Potters Mills, is offered for sale or rent. Persons desiring to buy or rent can call upon Wm. W. Royer, on the premises, or upon the undersigned. A. RANKIN,
4feb4t Lewistown, Pa.

Sale March 6.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Centre Hall, on Friday, March 6: Three good work horses, Bay Stallion, rising 3 years old, one fine Morgan horse colt, rising 3 years, very fine Percheron horse colt, rising 2 years old, 3 milk cows, young cattle, 2 breed sows, boar, Chesterwhite shoats, No. 3 6-foot cut Osborne Harvester, Excelsior combined reaper and mower, in good repair, Union 9-hoe grain drill, with latest improved Fertilizer attachment, cultivators, etc., Centre Hall horse-power, and other articles. Sale at 1 p. m. PETER HOFFER.

Sale March 4.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, near Potters Mills, Wednesday, March 4: 3 work horses, 1 a good breeding mare, 2 Clidesdale colts, 1 a yearling and the other a spring colt, 2 cows, 5 head of young cattle, 1 short-horned bull, 2 calves, shoats, 2 combined reapers and mowers, 1 a Buckeye, the other a Russel, ½ interest in an 8-horse power Geiser separator, threshing machine and shaker, Stoner drill, 4-horse broad-wheel wagon, narrow wheel wagon, 2-horse wagon, spring wagon, all good, 2 scrapers, hayrake, cornplanter, cultivators, plows, harrows, cutting box, hay fork, with rope and pulley, rakes, forks, chains of all kinds, horse gears and harness, housings, a good post auger, post digger, crowbars, &c., flynets fine and coarse, and all his farming tools. Household furniture of all kinds, sausage chopper, meat stand, and vessels, and many other articles. Sale to begin at 10 o'clock a. m. ROBERT McCORMICK.

Sale March 7.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile east of Tusseyville, Saturday, March 7: One horse, one colt, 3 milk cows, 4 head young cattle, 19 head of sheep, 2-horse wagon, 2-horse sled, grain drill, hayrake, fanning mill, hayrope, Harpoon and pulley, plow, harrow, corn planter, cultivators, cornplow, combined reaper and mower, cross-cut saw, chains, forks and other articles. Household goods, stoves, meat vessels, barrels, grind stone, chopper machine, and other articles. Sale at 1 o'clock. LUCINDA RUNKLE.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE—Letters testamentary upon the estate of Michael Ulrich, late of Potter twp., dec'd, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present the same duly authenticated for settlement.
7janót GEO. GROSSMAN,
Executor, Tusseyville, Pa.

GREGG TWP. ITEMS.

The citizens and voters are anxious to see the new Judge make the new move. They are about to make a move for the new county. Penns Valley can build a set of buildings for county use for less than if connected with the other side. Mr. Editor, would you please give us the idea or proper way to proceed for the application of our purpose. X.

[We answer the above by stating that under the new constitution the new county for Penns Valley has its goose well cooked. The line for such a county can not be less than 10 miles from the old county seat—this would take off Penns Valley as far as Centre Hill, and would therefore not leave us the requisite number of square miles, and throw a large portion of our valley to Bellefonte.]

—— The temperance lecture which was to have been given Tuesday evening was postponed, until next Monday evening, when under more familiar circumstances the lecturer will show us how to "Tie up that Ox." The novelty of the subject is enough to guarantee a full house.

IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY.

Lancaster, N. H. Dec. 3, '79.—By the way I will say that I think Downs' Elixir the best cough remedy that I can find at our druggists. We always use it.

J. S. PEAVEY, Pub. Republican.

All diseases arising from biliousness or torpid liver are quickly cured by the use of Baxter's Mandrake Bitters. See notice of Arnica and Oil Liniment in another column. Sold by J. D. Murray, at Centre Hall. feb'y

At Minersville, this state, Wm. Duffy was married Sunday evening to Mary McCrystal. The festivities were prolonged to a late hour. Early next morning the friends of the newly married couple were shocked to hear that the bride had died of paralysis of the heart but a short time after the wedding guests had departed.

AN ANSWER WANTED.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they cannot, as thousands of cases already cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c by all druggists.

——Go to Murray's Drug Store, Centre Hall, for your Christmas and Birthday cards, also toys for your children. A full line of drugs and medicines kept in stock. Any drug or medicine not found on hand will be got for you inside of 48 hours from the time you leave your order. J. D. MURRAY.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.—A 2-story dwelling house and lot, nearly new, corner lot, with good stable, fruit and water, on Church street, for sale. Apply at this office. 3dec3m

ABOUT PEPPER.

The condimentary value of pepper stands very high, and, among European people, the English are perhaps the most addicted to it, says *The Gastronomer.* This condimentary spice may be procured under the two designations of white and black paper, the distinction, however, not being in the botany but in the mode of preparation. Black and white pepper come from the same plant. All pepper is black originally, but the blackness resides in a superficial skin. If the berry be ground entire, then, of course, the powder will be dark-colored; but if the cuticle be removed previous to grinding, then the powder will have a tint more or less approaching white, though never quite white—in this consists the only difference between white and black pepper. The black pepper plant is indigenous to the East and West Indies, and it also grows in Sumatra, Java and other islands of the Indian Archipelago.

Two crops of berries are produced in the year, but the season of ripening is very irregular. If wholly unadulterated pepper is required it should be bought whole and ground in a domestic mill. But in a state of powder it is almost invariably adulterated, special ingredients being sold for this purpose. The two chief are known in commerce as P. D. and D. P. D., the first signifying "pepper dust," and the second "dirt of pepper dust." Both may be described as the sweepings, more or less contaminated, of the warehouse in which pepper is stored. In addition to the ordinary black and white peppers of domestic use, there is another kind called long pepper. The fruit of this sort is not shaped as berries, but as elongated cylinders with rounded ends. It is of more use, however, as an ingredient of cattle medicines than as a condiment for human stomachs.

Sale March 11.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of Jacob Reasner, near Old Fort, on Wednesday, March 11: 2 horses, 3 cows, 24 head sheep, hogs, and other cattle, a large assortment of farming implements, Deering Binder, new; plows, wagons, sleds, harrows, harness, etc. Also, Three-fifths of 57 Acres of Grain in ground. This will be the largest sale of the season. Sale at 1 o'clock, sharp. JOHN HOFFER.

Sale March 18.

PUBLIC SALE.—At the residence of the undersigned, one mile northwest of Spring Mills, Wednesday, March 18: Four horses, 4 cows, 1 bull, head young cattle, 8 shoats, breeding sow, 6 good sheep, 2 horse wagon, spring wagon, Stoner drill, hay rake, corn scraper, Centre Hall corn planter, 3-horse cultivator, fanning mill, threshing machine, power and shaker, Excelsior reaper and mower combined, 2 log sleds, log wagon, 3 plows, 2 harrows, hay fork and rope, cutting box, horse gears, heavy brichbands, front gears, flynets, horse collars, check lines, wagon saddle, lot of single and double trees, spreads, log chain, butt chains, 2 set breast chains, cowchains, housands, halters, good grain drill, rakes, forks, coop shovel, 40 gallon copper kettle, lot of seed corn, and other articles. Sale at 10 o'clock.
J. N. Leitzel, Auct. JOHN LONG.

Sale March 3.

PUBLIC SALE.—Will be sold at public sale at the residence of the undersigned, near Tusseyville, on Tuesday, March 3: One mare, 7 years old; 2 colts, 2 years old; 8 head of young cattle, 6 fresh cows, 30 head of sheep, one threshing machine and shaker, plows, harrows, and many other farming implements. Sale at 1 o'clock. JACOB LEE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Trade Mark QUALITY P PURITY NOT QUANTITY

EXCIT

—THE BEST TONIC.

... DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.*

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

☞ The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other.

Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD

SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP!

50 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC.

Pronounced by all to be the most pleasant and efficacious remedy now in use, for the cure of coughs, colds, croup, hoarseness, tickling sensation of the throat, whooping cough, etc. Over a million bottles sold within the last few years. It gives relief wherever used, and has the power to impart benefit that cannot be had from the cough mixtures now in use. Sold by all druggists at 25 cents per bottle.

NEW RICH BLOOD.

Sending health in every fiber of the system, is rapidly made by that remarkable preparation, LINDSEY'S IMPROVED BLOOD SEARCHER. For the speedy cure of Scrofula, Wasting, Mercurial Disease, Eruptions, Erysipelas, vital decay, and every indication of impoverished blood. "Lindsey's Blood Searcher" is the one remedy that can always be relied upon. Druggists sell it. 4 dec. y

Reported by EVANS BROS., Produce Commission Merchants, No. 56 North Water St., Philad.

Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Cheese and all kinds of Country produce. Quick sales, good prices and quick returns.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 16, 1885.

BUTTER.			
Creamery, Penn'a, extra		35	[illegible]
" Western	"	34	30
EGGS.			
Penn's, Del and Md., per doz.	crates		26
" "	bbls		25
Western, ex brands	" crates		26
LIVE POULTRY.			
Fowls, straight, nearby	per lb	12	13
" mixed	"	11	13
" Western, straight	"	10	12
" mixed	"	12	13
Roosters	"	7	8
Ducks	"	12	14
Turkeys	"	12	14
Geese	"	10	11
DRESSED POULTRY.			
Turkeys, extra	per lb		15
" choice	"	12	14
" medium	"	10	12
Chickens, dry-picked, extra	"	14	15
" good	"	9	11
" scalded and medium	"	9	10
Ducks, extra			14
" fair	"	10	11
Geese, extra	"	9	10
CALVES AND SHEEP.			
Calves, Del & Md, prime	per lb	8	8½
" Fair to good	"	7	7½
" Common stock	"	4	5
" Hog-dressed	"	7	8
Sheep, prime	"	2½	3
Lambs, extra	"		6
Live Cattle	"	4½	5½
Hogs, live	"	5	5½
Pigs, live	"	5	5½
DRESSED PORK.			
Light	per lb	6	6½
Heavy	"	5¾	6¼
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.			
Cabbage, extra	per 100	13 00	14 00
" good	"	6 00	8 00
Apples, Baldwins	per bbl	2 50	2 75
" Greenings	"	2 15	2 50
" York State, mixed	"	2 00	2 50
Onions, Pa	"	3 75	4 00
" Western	"	4 00	4 75
POTATOES.			
Early Rose, choice	per bus	50	55
Burbanks, choice	"	50	55
" fair	"	45	48
Pearl Mammoth	"	45	48
"	"	38	43
Beauty of Hebron	"	50	55
Peerless	"	45	48
CHEESE.			
N Y Factory, choice		13	13½
Ohio, fat, fine		11½	12
Penn's, Full Cream		8	8½
WOOL.			
Tub-washed	per lb	27	29
Unwashed	"	17	20
DRIED FRUIT.			
Apples, evaporated, in cases		6	7
" good		3	
" quarters		3½	
Blackberries		12½	13
Cherries, pitted, prime dry		9	9½
FURS.			
Bear, black		5 00	15 00
" Cubs		2 00	7 00
Red Fox		1 00	1 15
Grey		35	85
Minks		25	50
Racoons		50	85
Muskrat, Winter		10	12
Wild Cat			25
House Cat			10
			5
Opossum, cased, trashed out		10	15
Rabbits			2½
HIDES.			
Hides, Dry	per lb	10	11
Calf, Salted	"	12	13
Hides, Green, Steer	"	5½	6
" " Cow	"	5	5½
" " Bull	"	4	4½
" Salted Steer	"	8	8½
" " Cow	"	8	8½
Sheep Skins, per piece		25	75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Lard, Country lots, prime	per lb	8	8½
Tallow, Solid	"	5¾	6
" Cake	"	6	6½
Honey in Comb	"	14	16
Country Soap			5

☞Price Current Subject to Market Fluctuations.

SPRING MILLS MARKET.

Wheat—Red	80
White & Mixed	75
Rye	50
Corn, 45 shelled, and ears old	
Oats	30
Buckwheat	50
Barley	45
Cloverseed large	5 00
Cloverseed small	6 00
Timothy seed	1 40
Plaster, ground per ton	9 00
Flour, per barrel	5 00
Roller Flour, per barrel	5 50

Butter, 16; tallow, 6; lard, 8; ham, 12; shoulde 8; bacon or side, 8; eggs per dozen, 20 cents.

Corrected weekly by I. J. Grenoble.

COAL.—Pea, 3.00; Chestnut, 4.75; Stove, 5.00 Egg, 4.75.

LOCK HAVEN MARKET.

New potatoes, 50c; butter, 28c to 30c; young chickens, per pair, 65c; beans, per peck, 20c; eggs, 25c; beef, 8 to 10c; veal, 7 to 9c; fish, per pound, 10c; onions, per bu., 50c; cabbage, per head, 5c; apple butter, per qt., 15c; bacon, 12c; lard, 13c; apples, $1.

MARKETS.

Philadelphia, Feb. 16, 1885.
(Corrected Weekly.)

		Chicago.	Philadelphia
Corn	"	37¼	—51½
Wheat	"	78¾	—88½
Oats	"	27¼	—37½
Pork	"	13.07½	
Lard		7.00	

SAMUEL WHITE, Jr., Com'n Broker,
31 South Third Street.